

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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No. 18.

## THE COMING DAYS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

He wise—for the dark days come,  
And the night that is full of woe;  
The oak tree loatheth her leaves,  
And the daisy is dead, below.  
And how can we know that spring  
Will crown her with greener leaves,  
Or bring new joy to the heart  
That over the daisy grieves?

He wise—for the daisy's life  
Is but the type of thine;  
And things on earth are but the sign  
Of things that are divine.  
We look at the winter world,  
And the hills that are white with snow,  
And wish we were back in the summer hush  
Of the quiet vale below!

And yet when the summer comes  
We are not quite content,  
We long for the crowning miracle  
Of a coming glad event!  
He wise—for the seasons still must change,  
The flower of the field must die;  
And how can we hope the reaper, Death,  
Will spare us—you and I!

## PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

## The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE,"  
"JOHN FARMORE'S FLOT," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MAJOR AMBERLY'S OFFENCE.

We must request our readers to accompany us to the town of Nacogdoches. This ancient Spanish town, one of the early Mexican settlements, was of no great size, and had now in great part lost its former importance.

It had been the centre of a thriving Indian trade, but this had greatly fallen off during and since the Texan struggle for independence.

The Red Lands, a large tract of very fertile soil in Eastern Texas, had proved very attractive to the Indian tribes, and they had occupied almost the entire tract. In addition to the native Indians, there had been large migrations from the United States.

Some of these had been made at a much earlier date, but in 1822 the Cherokees, with representatives of several other tribes, not liking the restrictions to which they were subjected, had migrated in large numbers, and settled upon this district.

They had been peacefully inclined, until within the last year. But since Texas had gained her independence, many of her sons had looked with longing eyes upon these rich lands, and squatters were gathering thickly upon their borders.

The policy of removing these savage inhabitants back again to the Indian Territory had been seriously debated, and though President Houston strongly opposed it, the savages had grown alarmed, and were ready to listen to the insidious advances of secret Mexican agents. A new president now occupied the chair, whose policy was opposite to that of General Houston, and their alarm increased.

Colonel Bowles, their head chief, was a half-breed, his father a Scotchman, his mother an Indian woman. He was known to be shrewd and daring, and it was strongly suspected that he had listened favorably to the representations of secret agents of Santa Anna.

This changed state of feeling among the savages had been evidenced by several outbreaks, in which one or two settlers had been murdered. But the movement of a large war party of Indians to the southward, as detailed in our last chapter, was a far more serious matter, and justified the utmost alarm in the inhabitants of the border.

In consequence of its perilous position Nacogdoches had long possessed a garrison, which had been strengthened within the last year in dread of trouble with the Indians. The few companies of Texan Rangers stationed there were dignified by the name of a regiment, and were under the command of Colonel Brownson, with a full regimental organization. They occupied the old Spanish barracks, on the skirts of the town.

We must introduce our readers to the interior of a house in this town. It was an old and substantially built mansion, with grounds sloping back to the dark waters of Nacogdoches creek, that ran close by the town. This stream was very shallow, except during the rainy season, but had been swollen by a recent storm, and was now running with some depth and much speed.

Two persons were seated in the sitting-room of this mansion, a dark, wainscoted apartment, overlooking the grounds, which were full of the green and flowering beauty of the semi-tropics. Its old-fashioned substantial furniture still occupied the room. It seemed to have been the home of some wealthy Mexican, and to have been left, without a change, to his Texan successor.

One of these gentlemen wore the uniform of a captain in the Texan service. He was a handsome young man, of seemingly energetic disposition. His companion was a civilian, more advanced in

years, and of a steady, grave countenance.

A small table sat between them, having on it a tray of fruit and an open case of cigars. A rich odor from the garden came in at the open window. The sunlight struck warmly on the opposite wall.

"You are not smoking, captain," said the other gentleman. "Try another cigar. I hope you find them to your taste."

"They are excellent, Mr. Marvin—excellent," replied the captain, "but, with your permission, I will try an orange instead."

"Certainly—certainly. I know you will like those. They are from my own garden."

Captain Allen deftly removed the golden rind from his orange as he again spoke.

"It is vexatious, this affair of the major's," he said. "I know the full importance of prompt obedience of a soldier to his superior officer. But I don't like Colonel Brownson's action."

"It is simply tyrannical and inexcusable," said Mr. Marvin, rather hotly. "I, as a citizen, protest, and will continue to protest, against such a stretch of authority, and I cannot understand how you soldiers can submit to it."

"We have been brought up in a different school from you," said the captain. "The necessity of subordination is the first and constant lesson taught a soldier."

"Major Amberly has broken the rule of strict military discipline in disobeying the orders of his superior."

"Suppose he has," broke in Mr. Marvin. "Is he not excusable? Is not his action creditable? Does it deserve censure, or these harsh measures?"

"Not in equity," said the captain. "The colonel has acted unjustly, and I fear, from private spleen. Military discipline has this fault, that it permits occasional tyranny."

"You may well call it tyranny. The man hates Major Amberly, and has taken the first opportunity to show it."

But even Colonel Brownson is not an autocrat. There are higher powers than he in the State, and I will see if they cannot be invoked."

"It will not be so easy," said the captain, "definitely opening another orange."

"Why not? This court-martial cannot be pushed so rapidly as to prevent some higher officer being seen. Nor would Colonel Brownson dare attempt personal injury to his prisoner."

"I do not know how much he might dare. I know that it will be no easy matter to leave this town now on the errand you propose."

"Why not? I defy him to interfere to prevent me, and there is no one else would wish to. Major Amberly has general sympathy."

"The major has more enemies than you think. But that is not my meaning. It is simply that our friend's action has borne bitter fruit."

"How? Please explain."

"I will smoke now, if you have no objections," said Captain Allen, lighting a cigar, and leaning back in his chair to his enjoyment.

"To explain my meaning," he continued, "it will be well to recapitulate. Let us reconsider Major Amberly's action. A strong body of Indians appear outside of their legal limits—not in war paint, it is true, but plainly meaning mischief. A force of Rangers, under command of the major, is directed to

watch them. But this officer's hands are tied by strict orders from the colonel that he shall, under no circumstances, suffer a soldier to stir from the blockhouse. If a soldier's coat, on a wooden wall, can frighten a hundred savages, well and good. But if the Cherokee laughs at the soldier, and tries some deceptions on his own look, the celebrated Texan Rangers must sit and look on, sucking their fingers."

"That is a fair statement of the case," said Mr. Marvin.

"I was with the force, you know," said Captain Allen, "and was present when Jacob Hodge was captured by the savages within sight of the fort. You may imagine how our blood boiled."

There was a white prisoner in the hands of the redskins, and his wife and family occupying a hut within the Indian lines. On the other side were the colonel's strict orders not to stir from the fort. You may imagine the storm in our fiery major's breast. 'Something must be done,' Captain Allen, he said to me. 'Orders are strict, it is true. But the colonel did not imagine a case like this. That man must be released, and his family brought in.'"

"Certainly a reasonable conclusion," said Mr. Marvin.

"The colonel is a martinet, major," I replied.

"I am a man," was his answer.

"That was all we said. I gave him a look, and he gave me a look. He walked away to his rooms, and in ten minutes I was outside the fort, with sixty armed Rangers at my back. We made first for the hut. The Indians fell back, leaving the woman and children safe. I demanded the return of the prisoner. They laughed and displayed their weapons. I ordered a charge, and for five minutes we had a sharp skirmish. Then they fell back into the woods, leaving their prisoner murdered upon the ground, and two of their own warriors to bear him company. I had one man killed and two wounded."

"And that was all?"

"That was enough. The colonel's orders had been disobeyed. Strictly speaking, I was the culprit, but the major, as you know, would not shelter himself behind such a subterfuge. He acknowledged that he commanded me to make the attack, and declares that he would do it again in any similar case."

"In consequence," continued Mr. Marvin, "Colonel Brownson has put him under arrest for disobedience of orders, and threatens a court-martial."

"So the case stands," said Captain Allen. "There is no one here doubts that it is private enmity that is at the bottom of the colonel's action, but he puts it under a lofty claim of public duty. Unfortunately, there is a circumstance just happened that will tell severely against the major, particularly in the hands of his enemies."

"What is that? I have heard of nothing."

"You remember that the colonel's excuse for his order was that he had been strictly directed from headquarters to do nothing to excite the savages, or to give them any plea for open hostilities by an aggressive movement on our part."

"Of course, I know all that."

"These orders were disobeyed. And now, within three weeks, a strong war party of Indians, in full paint and panoply, has appeared below the town."

"A war party of Indians?" cried Mr. Marvin, in excitement and surprise.

"Just so, with Lone Star at their head.

This noted chief does not go out without meaning work."

"But this will be ruinous to Major Amberly!" cried Mr. Marvin.

"It will work against him, undoubtedly," was the reply.

"When did this news come in? What is the size of the party?" asked Mr. Marvin, in a breath.

"I heard it not half an hour ago. They were seen in the woods at the junction of the Nima and Angelina. The scout reports having counted fifty, in full war-paint."

"And I suppose now our obedient Colonel Brownson will await orders from Austin before he moves hand or foot. I wonder if he will let the troops leave the blockhouse to defend the town, in case it is attacked."

Mr. Marvin spoke with high indignation.

"I should judge that he must use some discretionary powers of his own."

"I don't know. He will then be doing but what Major Amberly did. It will weaken his case against the major."

"Very true," replied Captain Allen. "But the cases are very different. A colonel commanding a district cannot be held as strictly to orders as an officer commanding a reconnoissance. The savages, moreover, have broken the peace. Besides, it might prove no easy matter to send to or hear from Austin just now."

"That is why you say that I cannot communicate?"

"Exactly. The town may be even now surrounded by savages, for all we know to the contrary. You would be risking your life."

"I know Colonel Brownson," was Mr. Marvin's reply. "He will take this unfortunate occurrence as justifying him in acting with severe vigor against the major. He hates him, you say, and may obtain other officers unfriendly to the prisoner, with whom to form a court-martial. What is the extreme penalty of the major's offence?"

"Death," replied the captain, "on the charge of precipitating an Indian war by direct disobedience of orders. But he will not dare go so far."

"He has no lack of daring. Don't trust to that. There are scouts in the town used to Indian warfare. I can send one of them through the woods to Austin, with letters to the President."

"Do so," said the captain, rising to leave. "Your influence will be sufficient to secure a pardon."

### CHAPTER V.

A HOT CHASE.

We left the canoe containing the fugitives just touching the shore of a small island in mid river, while the savages had again disappeared, and deep silence had succeeded the terrifying uproar of yells.

The island lay just above the influence of the swift current from the Nima, which had here considerably widened the main stream. It was covered with bushes and long grass, which overhung so as to conceal the shore.

They rowed slowly along the bank, the influence of the overhanging bushes concealing them from view, in search of a good place to land.

Cautiously turning the head of the island, a firm, sloping bank presented itself, below which a narrow growth of cane bordered the eastern shore.

The ladies were helped ashore, and the

boat fastened within the edge of the canebrake.

Leaving their passengers concealed behind a screen of the low bushes that covered the island, the two scouts made a reconnoissance along its banks, anxious to discover the probable movements of their savage foes.

Captain Wilson, Miss Amberly, and her maid, remained in anxious expectation.

"Why could we not have gone to the other shore of the river?" said the lady. "That cannot yet be occupied by the Indians. I dread this place. We cannot long be safe here."

"Why would you come up here at all, Miss Nellie?" cried Laura, in a shuddering voice. "They will take us prisoners. I know they will. And then what will become of us? That old man told you not to come."

"Don't be frightened, Laura," said her mistress, in a cooler tone. "Our guides are used to the savages. They will save us yet."

"That is the right feeling, Miss Amberly," said the captain. "We do not know how the other shore may be occupied. Silence proves nothing in Indian war. The savage never speaks till he is ready to strike. Our boatmen are too experienced to rush blindly into danger."

"Yet we have reason to believe that they are all on the east side of the river," said Miss Amberly. "They are threatening the town."

"I think not," replied Captain Wilson. "The town is too strong for them. They will rather try to cut off traveling parties, or attack isolated settlers."

"And it is so important that I should reach Nacogdoches—so vitally important," she exclaimed, in an impatient tone. "Every day, every hour, may prove disastrous. Is it far yet?"

"From five to ten miles," said the captain. "I do not know the exact distance."

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of the younger scout. The moon had now attained some altitude, and threw a clear though faint light upon the scene.

Laura sat in an attitude expressive of deep dread. The moonlight revealed a pained face, which brightened when she saw the scout.

"Oh, Mr. Sawyer!" she cried. "Have those dreadful savages gone? Can we go on?"

"We must stay where we are, for the present," was his reply, as he stood resting upon his rifle.

"What will they do with us if they capture us?" she cried, wringing her hands. "We will all be murdered, I know we will!"

"We are not captured yet," replied Phil, quietly. "One thing at a time. They must get us first."

"Have you learned anything?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Gray will be in soon," replied Phil. "I had best let him speak first. I am too young to give my opinion ahead of a man who fought Indians before I was born."

"Miss Amberly thinks we might have reached the other shore in safety, and escaped into the woods."

"It is too late now," was Phil's ominous answer.

The next moment the older hunter joined the circle.

It was Miss Amberly's turn now to show impatience and excitement. Evi-

dently she trusted more fully to the old scout than to the youth.

"Are we safe?" she eagerly asked. "Have they retired? Can we escape? I will reward you both handsomely if we can in any way reach the town to-night. I am strong, I can walk."

She had risen in her excitement. Her eyes glittered in the moonlight. Her voice trembled.

"We are not safe," was his grave reply. "We may not be able to escape. I reveal the full danger to you to prepare you for the worst. I hope we will be able to baffle the savages."

"Why are you thus despondent?" asked Captain Wilson. "They are on shore, we are on the island. We have weapons. We have a boat."

"They have canoes," was the answer. "There lies our danger. They have already crossed below the island. The western bank is guarded. We dare not attempt to reach either shore. The question is, can we keep them from the island?"

"And can you?" asked the lady, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking eagerly into his face.

"We can try," he answered. "I've been in many a worse scrape than this, and came out with a whole skin. A handful of Cherokees can't frighten an old hunter like Jack Gray."

"It is as you fear for?" she asked, her hand still upon his arm.

"It is a fearful position for a lady like you," he replied.

"I will not be in your way," she answered. "Act as if only your own safety was in question. I am a soldier's daughter. No man, red or white, shall see fear in my face, or hear it in my voice."

"Can you use the rifle, Captain?" asked the scout.

"Moderately well," was the reply.

"We need now to be vigilant and ready. A narrow strip of water divides us from the western bank. There the danger threatens. The savages must find it a path of blood to cross. Did you see the canoe, Phil?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"How many crossed?"

"Three, I think. Maybe four. If it is their only canoe, and I think it is, we need not fear four men."

"They know our force and will hardly venture to attack us with four men," said the older scout.

At these words a thought seemed to strike Phil. He hastily left the group and proceeded to the lower part of the island.

Mr. Gray—or Jack, as he preferred to be called—gave no visible attention to this movement. He proceeded to give Captain Wilson his directions, and to look to the safety of the ladies.

Along the centre of the island ran a ridge, rising to about six feet above the river level. From each side the ground sloped to the river.

Several trees of considerable size occupied the island, and it was covered with bushes, with a narrow line of tall cane along its western shore.

The river here was about a quarter of a mile wide, but the western channel was not more than a hundred yards, the eastern channel occupying the remaining distance.

The movement of the savages showed their intention to approach from the west, and it was necessary to keep the strictest watch in this direction.

But they might have other canoes, and it would not do to neglect the eastern waters.

"I must call your eyes in aid, miss, if I cannot your hands," said Jack, after stationing Captain Wilson behind a large oak near the head of the island, with directions to fire on any object crossing the stream, whether he understood it or not.

"I will gladly do anything in my power," Miss Amberly replied.

"I wish you to be behind this ridge. Bullets may be flying from the west, and it will protect you. You can, at the same time, keep a watch to the east. If you see anything crossing from that direction call me. I will be within hearing of your voice."

"Nothing shall escape me," was her eager reply.

"And can I do nothing?" asked Laura, clinging to the sleeve of her mistress as she spoke.

"You may keep the lady company. I don't think you would like to watch by yourself?"

"No, indeed," was the frightened response. "I wouldn't for the world. I am trembling horribly now."

"Let it be done quietly, then. Make no noise, if you value your safety," said the scout earnestly.

He left them and walked over to where the canoe had been fastened. It had disappeared.

With a quick impulse of alarm his eyes scanned the surface of the stream. No signs of the boat were visible.

Without mentioning this suspicious circumstance to the others, he hastened to the lower end of the island, as rapidly as the bushes would permit.

It was a slender, jutting point, screened by a narrow line of bushes. A glance from this showed him what had happened.

A short distance down the stream the light Indian canoe, propelled by a single



rower, was recrossing to the eastern shore. It was evidently their only boat, and was returning to take over more of the savages.

The savage was making vigorous strokes with his paddle, for, just below the island, and taking a direction to intercept him, was the canoe of the fugitives, propelled by the skillful arms of Phil Sawyer.

He was seated facing the bow, and making the water smooth with the powerful strokes of the two long oar blades he wielded.

The savage headed more down the stream, and increased his exertions, making his light craft fairly fly over the water. But Phil's boat was light and sharp as an arrow, the two flexible blades were better than a single paddle, and he evidently gained on the chase.

A rifle shot from the shore showed that others had discovered this fact. But they were now near the middle of the river, an eighth of a mile from either shore, and the bullet of the savage went wide.

Phil, without heeding this important effort, continued to put all his strength to his oars. Only about forty yards now separated them.

The savage was heading down stream, but with a slight turn towards the eastern shore. Phil was gaining, but too slowly to prevent his purpose. He dared not approach too near the shore.

With one of those hasty resolutions from which success so often flows, he stopped his oars with a quick motion, seized his rifle, and took a rapid aim at his foe.

The wily savage caught this movement and bent his little body aside just in time to escape the fatally aimed bullet. It struck the paddle in his hands, and tore it from his grasp, flinging it many feet from the canoe.

In an instant Phil had his oars again in the water and was rapidly propelling his boat forward. The savage stood erect in his unmanageable craft, looking back as if inclined to wait and try a hand to hand struggle.

He even grew impatient of the rapid approach, and with excited haste flung his small, keen tomahawk at his foe. His footing was too insecure for a safe aim. The whizzing hatchet shot harmlessly by within two feet of Phil's head.

A disappointed, irresolute glance, then with a shrill yell of rage, and a gesture of his clenched fist towards his foe, the savage leaped headlong into the water. The clear stream closed over him. It was a full minute before he reappeared twenty feet from the spot.

At the same instant the sharp prow of Phil's boat struck the side of the light bark canoe, cutting it through as if it were paper. It rolled under the heavier boat, and reappeared in two sections. The rapid blow had entirely cut it in two.

Phil cast a glance at the swimming savage. A slight movement of the boat was made towards him. But a second thought came upon the rower. He might be imperiling the safety of his friends on the island. Somewhat reluctantly he gave the boat a quick whirl round, and commenced to ascend the stream, just as a chorus of yells broke from the eastern bank, and a half dozen bullets pattered on the water.

#### CHAPTER IV. AN UNSURE Foe.

Phil's progress back to the island was slow and cautious. He kept his craft carefully in the middle of the stream, and laughed at the bullets that continued to strike the water, wide enough of their object.

There seemed to be twenty of the savages, in the line that appeared on the eastern shore of the stream, and from whom cries of rage and decision continued to come. The eastern bank was lined with woods. Its savage occupants were invisible.

All this noise of cries and rifle shots had created a moment upon the island. Jack Gray stood watching the movements of his comrade with the utmost eagerness and concern.

No intent was he, in fact, that he failed to notice that just behind him the gathered the other occupants of the island. The two females and Captain Wilson were watching the exciting chase with still greater interest than himself.

Laura could hardly suppress a cry of alarm, as she saw the savage fling his tomahawk at the daring boatman. She did not repress a cry of exultation as she witnessed the destruction of the Indian canoe.

"Well done, Phil Sawyer," said the old scout, heartily. "They can swim the Angelina if they want to cross it now."

"Would that be much of a task for the savages?" asked Captain Wilson.

"No, I calculate that will be their next move. The stream narrows below and above here. If it weren't for that I'd take to the boat and run the gauntlet."

"When will the moon set?" asked Miss Amblerly.

"Not before daylight," said the scout. "If it would only come up cloudy now. There's a handful of mist up here to the north. I wonder if it means anything."

Remarks occupied two or three minutes, during which the boatman had turned and was rapidly forcing his light craft up stream.

"You have abandoned your post, captain," said the scout, in a somewhat reproachful tone. "You would not make a good fighter. I must take a look for myself, and see if any mischief has happened. Do you see the ladies back to their station. They are in danger here."

With a quick step he advanced to the post assigned to Captain Wilson, and gazed long and anxiously towards the western shore, and over the intervening water.

"Is all safe?" asked the captain, joining him.

"I don't know," he replied. "It is much too quiet here—dangerously quiet. There are three bloodthirsty redskins in that lot of woods. That signifies mischief."

"They cannot hurt us while we are here and they there. I have good eyes. Not a rat can swim that water unseen."

Jack Gray shook his head with increasing doubt.

"The moonlight is strong," he said. "Take care you don't make yourself a target for an Indian bullet. Keep under cover of your tree—I must return to my post."

He walked slowly down the bank, watching the western shore as he did so. The thick growth of cane only permitted an occasional glimpse.

He had real cause for his uneasiness, had he but known it. At that very

instant an Indian warrior lay concealed beneath the water, on the edge of the screen of tall canes.

Only the head, with its hideous lines of paint, shaven top, and glaring eyes, hidden by the water.

The gathering of the defenders of the island at its lower point, and their close attention to the exciting chase, had not been unobserved by their wily foe. The first thought of these enemies had been to fire upon them. But they were nearly hidden by the bushes. Such a course might only put them on the guard.

The next thought, instantly arrived at, was for the strongest and shrewdest of the warriors to swim to the island, while the attention of the guard was distracted, there conceal himself, and act as circumstances might suggest.

There was not a minute between design and execution. The savage was a bold and rapid swimmer, and succeeded in reaching the shelter of the bushy island shores before Jack Gray sought the captain's deserted post.

When Jack reached the lower end of the island, he found his associate just approaching the shore.

Phil had shrewdly kept near the middle of the stream, until covered from the wooded western shore by the thick bushes of their place of refuge. He then turned his prow to land, and struck the shore just above where Jack Gray stood on guard.

"A narrow leap up that, Phil," said the latter, catching the rope of the canoe, and fastening it to a small sapling on the shore.

"I'm afraid it won't stop them long," said Phil. "I saw some of the red hounds making tracks down stream. They are going to swim it."

"There's this much certain, Phil Sawyer," said Jack, earnestly. "They have got no canoe. They might find it a dangerous lot of practice to swim the channel to the island. The attack is going to be from the west. We will have to keep our eyes and our rifles ready in that direction. I've got the women behind the ridge. Miss Amblerly has sharp eyes. She'll report from that quarter."

"That cloud to the north is thickening," said Phil, pointing. "If it will only blot out the moon, we might make a break down stream. I don't enjoy these quarters."

He stepped ashore, carrying with him the oars of the canoe, with that habitual caution which is an instinct with the borderer.

The boat was left tied to the shore, and swung by the current under the shadow of the bushes.

"You have made your mark, Phil," said Jack, as the two proceeded to cross the island. "Not many young men would have done what you have this night."

The check of the youth, endowed with pleasure, at what he justly deemed high praise. There was no higher recommendation in those regions than the approval of the old scout. The latter's deeds of daring, as recounted to him by his father, had been one of the main incentives to his own course of life.

The western shore was still silent, and apparently deserted. Search it closely as they would, not an indication of life was anywhere visible. The moon shone full upon its leafy line of woods, silencing the tree tops, and shedding a clear lustre into every narrow opening of the verdant wall.

No living form was visible. It seemed as if only the peacefulness of nature brooded over that silent shore.

The light that fell full upon these woods threw the stations of the island defenders in shadow. Thick bushes rose between them and the moon, and they made little effort to conceal themselves, well satisfied that they could not be seen.

The canebreak that occupied a portion of the shore interfered somewhat with their facility of observation. It was decided between the scouts that Jack should remain his old post near the lower end of the island, Phil should relieve Captain Wilson, and that the latter should be stationed about the centre of the line of canes, where a slight opening made visible the opposite shore.

Miss Amblerly sat pale but resolute at her station, her eyes fixed with sleepless vigilance upon the moonlit waters and the shadowy line of the shore.

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The light that fell full upon these woods threw the stations of the island defenders in shadow. Thick bushes rose between them and the moon, and they made little effort to conceal themselves, well satisfied that they could not be seen.

The canebreak that occupied a portion of the shore interfered somewhat with their facility of observation. It was decided between the scouts that Jack should remain his old post near the lower end of the island, Phil should relieve Captain Wilson, and that the latter should be stationed about the centre of the line of canes, where a slight opening made visible the opposite shore.

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His movement possibly saved Captain Wilson's life, for the Indian grasped his knife with a firm hand as he lay crouched in the canoe.

Leaving his post the sentinel walked quickly across the narrow island to where Miss Amblerly sat on guard.

He had not disappeared behind the ridge ere the savage drew himself up upon the grassy shore of the island, and commenced with a slow, snake-like movement, to creep to the summit of the ridge.

Hardly a bush moved in his passage. No sound save his dark form was visible above the long grass through which he moved.

Reaching the summit of the ridge he partly rose, taking a long, keen observation of the whole island. He was able to see the positions of the different sentinels, and seemed by his first movements inclined to make a personal attack upon them. He may have hoped to destroy them silently and successfully.

This idea, however, seemed to be given up, for he changed his course and sought the opposite shore of the island. Down this he made his way with the same serpent-like movement. With a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes he at length saw the boat, simply tied to the shore and unguarded.

In a moment more he was in the water beside it, and had severed the rope with a movement of his keen knife.

With a hand over the water, his body still immersed in the water, he guided it slowly from shore, making his way out into the stream, and keeping the island shore between him and the unconscious scout, whose eyes were fixed firmly in the opposite direction.

Some distance eastward having been made he allowed the boat to drift down stream, still working it towards the eastern shore.

He had gained one hundred and fifty yards from the island when Miss Amblerly, by a quick cry, announced her discovery of his action.

With an agile movement the savage threw himself into the boat, and standing erect, his dark body clearly defined against the moonlit sky, gave vent to a wild whoop of exultation. The next instant he sank out of sight, and the boat drifted on.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. WATCHING AT THE WINDOW.

We doubt if Millicent Lowe, in all the newness of her great sorrow, was more truly desolate, more utterly wretched, than Lady Lina Dacre, whom many people might be inclined to envy exceedingly.

The poor child had wept all her tears by this time, and was calm, because she had no more strength for violent grief.

Mr. Carthen had written to Lord Dacre, asking his consent to an engagement with Lady Clementina; and, as the earl desired nothing better than to have him for a son-in-law, his answer was, of course, in the affirmative.

Lord Dacre wondered a little, not at the application itself, for he had expected something of the kind, but at the daughter whom Mr. Carthen had chosen. All his attention had been for Lina; and Lord Dacre felt greatly inclined to blame him for having misled them all.

He feared that Lina had suffered. Once he thought to question her; but Lina, who, conscious of her painful secret, was terribly sensitive, slipped out of the netting, and directly began to talk about her looks, and died.

"I am quite well, dear papa, and I am going on the terrace to look for violets. Good-by!"

He saw her skirts fluttering amongst the trees, but not a glimpse did he catch of her afterwards until dinner-time.

"Lina, you are looking very pale," said Lady Dacre, apparently noticing it for the first time.

"Perhaps she is love-sick, mamma," answered Lady Clementina, with a cruel little laugh. "Mr. Carthen is impatient enough to declare that this is a very common complaint with young ladies."

"I don't believe Mr. Carthen said anything of the kind," retorted Wilfred.

He saw by Lady Clementina's manner that she meant to sting Lina; and the way the latter shrank and trembled at the other's bitter just direct Wilfred's spirit. He had always loved Lina much the best of his two sisters—as, indeed, did all the household.

Lady Clementina gave him a disdainful glance of inquiry.

"How do you know that?"

"Because, although no doubt Beauchamp Carthen has his faults like other men, he is neither a coxcomb nor a donkey."

"My dear Wilfred!" said Lady Dacre, admonishingly.

"I beg your pardon, mamma; only I don't like to hear a man malign."

"Beauchamp can take his own part, I daresay," said Lady Clementina, haughtily.

"If he were here I would leave him to do it, for he is out of my favor, I can tell you."

"Why?"

"I thought he was a man of honor," said Wilfred, hotly; "and I have found out my mistake, that is all."

"I will tell him what you say."

"I have no doubt you will, Clementina; there's nothing you enjoy so much as making mischief."

"Wilfred, I don't like to hear you speak so discourteously to your sister," said Lord Dacre.

"I fancy she deserves more than I am like to say, father."

"I shall be very unhappy, of course, to hear that any part of my conduct has excited your disapprobation," said Lady Clementina, disdainfully; "but you have my fullest permission to express your opinion openly. I only spoke in jest, just now; I could speak in earnest, if I choose."

At this minute the gong sounded, and Lady Dacre rose, with a look of relief.

"Wilfred," she said, by way of separating the combatants, "you will give me your arm to-night, and let papa take the two girls. The Marquis of Dawford has so often honored us with his company of late, that I quite miss him. However, he will be here to luncheon to-morrow."

"Do you like him, then?" inquired Wilfred, as they crossed the hall.

"Yes, very well, for an acquaintance."

"And for a son-in-law?"

"I prefer Mr. Carthen in that position."

"But don't you see that the marquis means to have Lina, if he can get her?"

"It looks like it, certainly."

"And would you sanction such a match?"

"If Lina accept him, I have nothing to say."

"Poor child! She is persecuted to death."

Lady Dacre opened her eyes wide upon her son.

"My dear Wilfred, what do you mean? Who persecutes Lina, pray?"

"Clementina."

"You must be mistaken. I never see anything of the kind."

"I do."

"My dear Wilfred, if you remember, it always was your habit to see more than really existed."

If Lady Dacre had not been his mother, Wilfred would have retorted that it had always been her habit to see less than really existed; as it was, respect kept him silent. And Lady Dacre began to help the soup, and forgot all about it.

The next day the Marquis of Dawford

#### AFTER ALL.

BY GUY WILKS.

After all is past:  
Baby's laughter, childhood's reign,  
You're a bright morning from pain,  
All that's left is a great plain—  
What is ours at last?

After all is past:  
Love, ambition, and dream,  
(Should it come to curse or bless?)  
Hopes we trembled to express—  
What is ours at last?

After all is past:  
Sorrow that remained for years,  
Heart-pains keen and burning tears,  
Doubts and watchings, joys and fears—  
What is ours at last?

After all is past:  
Dreams that brightened us to rest,  
Idols fallen to the dust,  
Covered with earth's mould and rust—  
What is ours at last?

After all is past:  
Then there we shall be:  
Joyous immortality,  
On the shores of morn shall be  
Ours at last!

#### FACE TO FACE;

OR,

#### SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

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mind, were almost intolerable. She fancied that she should be easier when it was done, and she yearned for Mr. Carthen to know that his wishes had been gratified, and he would have the pleasure of seeing her cured of all affection for her "future brother," and that right speedily. She wrote him a few lines later, and gave the note to Clementina to enclose in her own. In this she told him, indignantly, that she rejected his counsel in toto, and should act as regarded Lord Dawford exactly as inclination prompted her. This she signed, "Your future sister-in-law, Lina Dacre."

It pleased Lady Clementina to send this letter just as it was, because Lina had only just said what Mr. Carthen might see, and would expect to see, from all she had told him. If there had been one single word that could betray her, we may be sure that it would not have gone.

When luncheon was over the marquise went up to Lina, and, bowing down before her, said:

"I claim the fulfillment of your promise, Lady Lina. The sun is warm on the terrace; will you walk with me there a little while?"

"I will fetch my hat and cloak," she replied; and thankful even for the brief respite, shut and locked herself in her own room, and then conscientiously destroyed every memento she had preserved of her old sweet love. There was only one thing she kept that could remind her of Mr. Carthen, and that was the letter she had received from him that day. She wanted this to keep her true to her resolution; to show her the utter folly of clinging to the past. This done, she went down bravely to meet her future husband.

The marquise was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs; and, offering her his arm, he led her out upon the terrace.

Lady Clementina, breathless and eager, knelt by her own window, and watched. She had the edge of the curtain in her hand, and raised it slightly, in order that she might be able to see all that was passing below.

The marquise walked once the length of the terrace in silence; and then she ventured to take possession of the little gloved hand resting on his arm.

Lina did not withdraw it.

Lady Clementina laughed softly to herself behind the blind. It is not often that the schemes of wicked people prosper as her's had prospered.

"Lina," said the old marquise, in a soft, persuasive tone, "I hope you will allow me to keep this little hand forever! I have coveted it a good while now."

"I am afraid I should make your lordship but a poor wife."

"Why should you?"

"Because, my lord, I think it right to tell you that I have no heart to give you. Of course, I will try to do my duty; but where I fail, you must make allowance, remembering that I am but young, and the world is all new to me."

"My dear Lina, why not wait until I complain before you make such excuses?"

"Because you ought to know everything that concerns me, as you have done me the honor of asking me to be your wife."

"I have no questions to ask."

"But you have quite understood me?"

"I believe so. You tell me that you have no heart to give me; but I am willing to wait, trusting that all will come right in time."

"You are very kind."

They walked back in silence. Lina was trying to command herself; the marquise was enjoying his little triumph, and wondering whether Lina would be satisfied with the family diamonds as they were, and so save him the expense of having them reset.

He was not an amiable character, assuredly—not half worthy of that tender, earnest, conscientious young creature, whom Lady Clementina, by cruel artifices, had caused to sacrifice herself to him; but he fancied, nevertheless, that he was doing Lady Lina an immense honor by asking her in marriage, and settling on her some of the immense fortune which he had accumulated. He meant to tie it up in such a way, however, that she should only enjoy a small part of it if she married again. But he pretended to be vastly amiable now. Pressing the cold little fingers against his heart, he asked, in a suave whisper, when Lady Lina would give him it for his very own.

"You know," he said, "I am too old to wait for my happiness. I ask you to be good enough to consider this, and make my term of probation as short as you conveniently can."

Lina looked from side to side, restlessly, as if longing to make her escape. In her passionate repulsion, she suddenly snatched her hand out of his grasp. The dark, eager face at the window overhead became suddenly very pale and stern.

But Lord Dawford, who was both vain and obtuse, and, therefore, could not realize all that this action implied, took it back into his keeping, and murmured, in his most persuasive accents:

"May I dare to fix this day month?"

"Oh, no," she began, and then checked herself suddenly.

If it must be, it was as well over.

"You will not refuse to be my wife?" Lina gathered together all her courage, and answered him steadily:

"My lord, it shall be as you wish."

"My sweetest girl!" he muttered; and drawing her towards him, kissed her cheek.

There was no more room for doubt now; and so the curtain fell suddenly back into its place, and the dark face at the window disappeared.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## OUT OF PRISON.

Old Mark was fined; and as he could not pay the fine, he was, of course, sent to prison in default. This, and the fact of Nat's peril, entirely broke his spirit. When the prison doors were open to him, he stood lingering on the threshold, irresolute.

Where was he to go now?

If he went back to his solitary home, there was no one to welcome him—none to bring him food. It was hard for a man to be forced to starve in the midst of plenty; but he saw no other prospect. Even if he could have got work now, he would hardly have had strength to do it; for this one fortnight had made old Mark look and feel twenty years older. The bright color had been washed out of his cheeks; the keen eye was dull; the lips drawn down at the corners. Altogether he was so altered, that Milly, who met him by the way, could hardly realize that it was the same person.

She came up to him with her hand extended frankly. Did it become her to

show pride towards this poor old man, who had just been released from the same prison where her lover was languishing?

"Ah, Miss Milly!" he said, in a melancholy voice; "you are one of the right sort! You are ashamed of your neighbor just because they happen to be unfortunate."

Old Mark recognized his imprisonment as a misfortune, simply.

"I hope not," answered Milly, quietly. "I am the last person in the world to be hard upon others."

"I don't see that, Miss Milly, for I don't believe you ever did a wicked thing in all your life."

"Oh, yes; over and over again! I disobeyed your papa, and gave him pain—I know that."

And Milly's tears began to flow. The very best daughter in the world may find something in her past conduct to regret, when the parent she loved is laid low in the grave.

Old Mark did not understand how to comfort the girl; still, he remembered that when his wife died, he tortured himself with the notion that he had been harsh to her, though her last words were, "You've been a good husband to me, Mark; wish we might have had a little longer time to gether."

And so, perhaps, it might please Milly to hear that other people had felt the same as he.

He told her this little story with a kind of rough pathos, which, coming from him, was infinitely touching.

"I suppose it is always so," she said; "only that I have reason for reproach, really, and you had none. And, Mark, tell me, what are you going to do?"

"I am going home, I expect," he said, in rather a bitter accent. "It's a lucky thing the cottage is my own, Miss Milly, or I don't suppose I should have a roof to cover my head. It's the way of the world, you know, to kick a man when he is down."

"I hope not."

"It isn't your way; but then there isn't many like you, Miss Milly, the more the pity! Who do you think I met in the town to-day, as I came out of gaol?"

"One of our old friends?"

"Ah! Pierce is his name. You know him, Miss Milly. Many's the night he's been abroad with me, though I don't want you to tell on him; and when he saw me coming, he turned down another street to get out of the way."

"For shame!"

"And he wasn't no better than me, just because he happened to get away, was he?"

"But you won't poach any more now, Mark?"

He shook his head dubiously.

"It's just bred in me, Miss Milly, and there's no denying of it. But they took me at the wrong time. I wasn't doing much harm then, only taking a bird home for the next day's dinner, the cupboard being bare."

"You weren't starving, Mark?"

"Pretty near it, Miss Milly—pretty near! If it hadn't been that we found victuals on the table one night, in a very mysterious way, I don't believe but what we should have been dead and gone by this—both of us."

"I took you more the next night, but you were away then."

"Was it you, Miss Milly?"

"Why, to be sure, Mark! I thought you would certainly guess."

"There had been some rather odd things happen before that, and we put it down to the same; although Nat did say, too, that the ale had a taste of your last brewing."

"Fancy being taken for a spirit!" said Milly, with the first smile on her sweet lips that had visited them for many a long day. "I never dreamt of remaining undiscovered. I thought you would be certain that it could be no other than me."

"And you brought the second lot, too! It was good and noble of you, Miss Milly; but if I had known, I would have asked you to speak a word for me at the trial. I excused myself by saying I was starving; but when the keepers got to the cottage, and found a good supper set, they wouldn't believe me, of course, and so it went harder with me than it might have done. But I dare say you wouldn't object to speaking of this poor Nat's trial. He hasn't much chance of getting off, they tell me; but I should like to do what I could for the lad."

"That I will, Mark. I wish I could help him more."

"I know the right man, Miss Milly, but they'll never believe my word. He's been beforehand with me, you see, and has got a hearing. When I tell the truth, Lawyer Stark will browbeat me down, and ask them what they mean by listening to a man who has just come out of prison for stealing."

"True; there's the principle all the same. You wouldn't like to have anything taken from you, had been at the trouble to roar, even if it were a common bird you had caught out of the hedge, and taken a fancy to."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if there was two sides to the question," answered old Mark, drearily. "But it doesn't signify now, if the lad were to get off. But there's no chance of that. It's odd, Miss Milly, but twice I dreamt I saw Nat standing on the scaffold, with the noose round his neck, and the people groaning and hissing below. It was all as natural as life, Miss Milly; only, and he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I haven't dreamt it three times yet, and I dread to go to bed for fear I should."

"But thinking of it all day would very likely make you dream of it at night."

"I shouldn't wonder; only I can't help it. You see, when you have only got one, it comes hard to have to part with one."

"Ah, it does, indeed, Mark," she answered, with true sympathy. "Only you must try, or rather we must both try, to hope that they will get off. My heart is as much bound up in the issue of that trial as yours is. I lose everything, too, if I lose Herbert Benson."

"Then it is all come right between you, if it isn't too great a liberty to ask?"

"I am keeping the farm on for him," she said, with a faint smile on her sweet lips. "If he gets free, he will come here as master, and I shall stay, too."

"That would be a bonny day for Lansdown, Miss Milly."

"They used to like him," said Milly, rather bitterly; "but they are all against him now."

"That's the way of the world, you see."

"Then I hate the world," she answered, passionately. "Trouble always draws me closer to those I love."

"But you are different to most. Even the rats forsake a falling house, and so it seems as if it was nature."

"Animal nature, but not human nature, surely, Mark?"

"Aren't they the same, then?" said the old man, unconsciously of epigram. "I always thought they was."

"It's enough to make one think so, certainly, when one sees such wretched cowards, who are afraid to be seen speaking fair to a man who is only unfortunate. I'll defy the people to prove that Herbert Benson ever did any one an ill turn in all his life."

"That's true, Miss Milly; but, you see, it was going a poacher that first set folks against him. I begged him not to. Says I, 'You'll break Miss Milly's heart.' No," says he; "as straightforward as possible, 'she'll thank me for what I'm doing now.'"

"Ah!" sighed Milly, the tears raining down her cheeks; "he has the warmest heart that ever beat. He sinned for my sake."

Old Mark started a little, but as she did not mean to tell him her secrets, she turned the subject speedily.

"Now," she said, "let us talk about you, Mark. Will you come to work on the farm?"

"I don't expect you'd have me, Miss Milly."

"Yes, I would; the only thing is, I must be able to tell people that you have given up poaching."

"I think I'm harmless enough now, Miss Milly. All the ice is gone out of my veins, and there is ice in its place. I don't expect I shall give any more offence, unless temptation gets too strong for me; and then I'll promise you faithfully that I'll go poaching over night, I'll come and give you warning myself the next morning."

"Very well; then we shall expect you to-morrow. And, Mark, I am afraid your cupboard is empty at home?"

"Ah, Miss Milly, the cupboard is bare, and the hearth cold."

"Come back home with me, then."

Milly's great sorrow had made her so tender and pitiful, that at the very thought of this man's desolate home and empty purse, her heart melted within her.

She took him within her own kitchen—caring nought what the world might say—and there she fed and warmed him, and cheered him with soft words. Old Mark, looking at her, as the glow of the fire reddened her cheeks, brightened her eyes, and gave sudden brief animation to her face, thought that no angel could be more lovely.

And old Mark eat his fill, and was thankful.

At eight o'clock he went home, and Milly opened the door for him with her own hands, and bade him good night quietly.

"And mind," she said, "if you dream about that again to-night, you mustn't be frightened, because it will be only that you have talked and thought about it all day."

In the yard, old Mark encountered Tommy Wilson. He had a lantern in his hand, as if he had just come out of the cow-lodge, and by its light the old poacher could see that the idiot's face had wasted, and grown very wan of late. He looked at the other very wistfully, and his lips moved strangely, seeming to shape words that might never find utterance.

He followed old Mark a little way, as if he were struggling with some sense or feeling within him that would fain have had vent; for his features were contorted, and his mouth curved low at the corners. But even if he could have found some way of relieving himself, he did not choose; for as old Mark turned down the lane towards his cottage, Tommy looked after him, with the old wistful expression that the other had recognized before, and then leaped over the wall into the yard, and disappeared.

The trial of Herbert Benson had to wait, for over two months he and Nat languished in prison; and Milly, who dared not ask to see him yet, though she longed above all things, to show him the paper her father had written and signed just before his death, felt as if the suspense and dread were almost killing her.

"Only I will live," she said, to herself, with a kind of passionate defiance, "I will live, that I may be there to welcome him when he comes home, and comfort for all his sorrow."

And so her noble faith endured always, and her love suffered no change.

Once she met Lord Oakland in walking to old Nanny's cottage, near which he often waited about in hopes of seeing her; but when he began by declaring that his love had mastered him so entirely now that she had only to speak, and he would make her his wife, she said to him, gently, yet proudly, "my lord, the misunderstanding that existed between Mr. Benson and myself is now entirely removed, and I belong to him, living or dead."

"Oh, Milly, reflect!" he urged. "Even if Mr. Benson should get off, there will be a taint on his name which nothing can ever wash away; and I offer you a high position, the share of my title, and love greater than his ever could have been."

"Ah, my lord," she said, faintly. "Herbert Benson has done more for me than you could ever do; and if he dies, I shall know that he died for me."

"You are infatuated," he answered, almost fiercely. "If he dies, it will be because the law finds that he took Flax's life."

"You don't understand," she said, "but I know."

"I understand that he is accused of murder, and, moreover, is very likely to be convicted."

His jealousy made him speak with rude candor, and Milly turned upon him with sudden scorn.

"Thank you," she said, "for speaking as you have done, I liked you before; now I hate you!"

"Milly!"

But she made him a stately bow, and disappeared into old Nanny's cottage. All his efforts were unsuccessful in obtaining another interview after this; for at the sight of him in the distance she would start away like a frightened fawn, and shut herself up in her own house for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile, old Mark kept steadily to work. People blamed her for encouraging him, she knew; and even Mr. Benson, Herbert's father, who came now often to talk of his son to the only person who believed in him as he did, told her that from every point of view her act of charity had been a mistake.

"But why?" she asked.

"Because, my dear," he said, "when you give evidence at the trial, the judge will point out that you have an evident

sympathy for poachers, and, therefore, are not to be relied on."

"But I shall tell them he was literally starving."

"Well, you must do as you like, Milly; only it was right to warn you. And I am greatly afraid, too, that you will be disappointed in old Mark. He has always been a confirmed poacher, and, I fancy, directly he gets money to buy powder and shot, traps, etc., he'll return to his old haunts."

"I hope not. He has behaved very well so far."

"Ah, well; you haven't tried him long."

"I think you are wrong there. Old Mark means well, and there is a certain rough frankness about him which is taking. I would give anything to make him respectable, and I'll keep him so."

Then the subject dropped. The next morning, the bailiff missed old Mark from his work at the usual hour, and came to acquaint Milly of the fact as soon as she had risen.

"Let one of the men go to his cottage and see. I am afraid he must be ill."

"He was all right last night."

"Yes, I know; but old men are sometimes taken suddenly, and he has a good deal of trouble, remember, lately."

"Trouble of his own making," grumbled the bailiff, who had no sympathy for old Mark, and was ashamed that he should be working on the farm which he managed. "If he had brought the lad up properly, he wouldn't have served him in this way."

"That's true, Meak; but do any of us do our exact duty?"

"That's all right," replied Meak, reluctantly. "Only folks talk so about our duty, and then they won't do it."

"They may say that they like," said Milly, with spirit.

"Just as you like," he answered, looking a little abashed. "I will send one of the men directly."

Half way between the farm and old Mark's cottage, the messenger found the man he was going in search of, sitting in the hedge, hanging his head dejectedly, and hissing softly to himself.

"Hark, Mark!" he shouted; "you are just the man I want!"

The old poacher started, and turned scarlet.

"What do you want me for?"

"The mistress sent me after you. She thought you was ill, because you didn't come to work this morning."

"No, I ain't ill," he said, confusedly. "Then what's up?"

"I am going to see Miss Milly," replied old Mark, clearly evading the question. "All I've got to say, I shall tell her."

"You are grumpy this morning, it seems."

"Maybe I am."

The lad laughed a little, and went back to his work, leaving old Mark to follow. When the latter reached the farm, he was ushered by a disdainful maid, into Milly's own little parlor.

"Well, Mark!" she said, pleasantly. "I was afraid you were ill."

"No, Miss Milly."

"Then what kept you away this morning? You are so regular generally."

Old Mark turned his head on one side, struggling with some feeling; and then he said, in a stifled voice:

"It's no use, Miss Milly—no use. I have tried, harder than you've a notion, but it's in my blood, somehow; and, though you may starve it out, it comes again directly I get my strength back. I thought I had got myself out of it—I did, indeed. But it wasn't a bit of use. Here I am, as bad as ever—and after all my promises, too!"

Old Mark's wistful penitence—his self-distrust—would have been almost comical, if they had not been so touching.

"Tell me what tempted you?"

"Well, I was going along home last night, and just as I got to the turn of the road, I saw a pretty a covey of birds get up as any one could wish to set eyes on. My blood began to dance a little; but I held off, then, Miss Milly, upon my word, although it had given me notions I didn't want to know anything about again. I went in-doors as quick as I could, and got my supper, and was just forgetting all about the birds, when they came and settled in the meadow next my garden; and I'm much mistaken if it wasn't the very same covey, sent by the Evil One on purpose to make me break my word! I had the gun hanging up, and it was loaded, but I didn't know, upon my honor, Miss Milly, as it would go off, Nat having charged it so long ago as before he was sent to prison. However, I couldn't resist, now. I put it to you, if it was in human nature to stand by and see two birds rising on the wing, and not to bring one or two of 'em down, if you could? You had better tell me if you yourself, Miss Milly, if you had been there, I'm sure you would!"

"But I should have remembered my promise, Mark, I think."

"All the time they was sitting, but not when they rose, Miss Milly," he answered, decidedly.

"I can't understand it, it's being a pleasure to kill any thing, Mark, and that is the truth."

"Because you wasn't born a sportsman; but you see, unfortunately, I was."

"The more the pity."

"That's right, Miss Milly," said the old poacher, humbly. "It's what may be called a curse to have such a failing as that. The only thing is how are you to get rid of it when it's once come?"

"You see, Mark, if you had resisted temptation last night, you would have found it easier the next time; but, having once given way, I'm afraid there's no chance for you."

"I don't wonder at your thinking so, Miss Milly, it looks bad, doesn't it? only somehow, I've had such an uncomfortable feeling ever since I did it, that I fancy the recollection of it would cool my ardor next time. However, I don't ask you to look over it, and I won't make any more promises, because you won't believe me if I did. Only, I've brought the bird I shot, and I'll show you ever you saw; but if I was to eat a mouthful it would choke me, knowing what they cost."

"Very well, then; leave them here, and go to work."

Old Mark stared at her incredulously, repeating the words slowly—"Go to work!"

"Yes, you are late this morning, and Meak is busy."

"You haven't forgot about the promise?"

"No; you have given me warning, haven't you?"

"I meant to."

"And I don't choose to accept it, that is all."

Old Mark still looked incredulous. Such news as this was too good to be true.

"But I don't dare promise anything," he murmured.

"And I don't ask it. Do your best to keep right, Mark, and I will trust you; and mind, not a word of all this to the other men. Tell Meak you have explained everything to me, and I am satisfied, and then he will say no more. I am mistress here until—the master comes."

So saying, she opened the door, and, sighing, and smiling a little, too, as she sent him away. If Mark had evil dreams, Milly had bright ones; and she still dared to hope, that the "master," as she already termed him, would be coming soon, to claim all that she had to give.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## COURTSHIP IN GERMANY.

German girls may not be so handsome or so clever as Americans, but they generally look healthy and fresh, and they have "Hauslichkeit." Now there is no other quality that German men of the middle class prize in their wives as "Hauslichkeit," or domesticity. Look through the popular literature of the country, romance and poetry, and it will appear that this is the sum of wifely virtues. The young girls are very carefully trained in this respect by their mothers, and at the age at which they marry they are nearly always equal to the domestic duties of their position.

They know how to knit men's hose, and to deal out ration to the servants. In the little parties at the beer house or garden the young lady is expected to make the necessary display of her domestic accomplishments, aided, of course, by judicious hints from the mother. If the objective man be an industrious artisan or thrifty tradesman, the maiden drinks sparingly of beer, eats a piece of ham





Robert J. Walker,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 28, 1874.

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## READ

### PLIGHTED IN PERIL;

#### The Lone Star of Texas.

With the commencement of this powerful and brilliant Indian romance, we take occasion to indicate to our readers a portion of our programme for the approaching winter.

Since April last, when the POST passed into the hands of the present Editor and Proprietor, neither labor nor expense have been spared to make it the VERY BEST literary and Family Paper published. New life and vigor have been infused into the old favorite; the best writers now contribute to its columns, and the reading matter, illustrations and typographical appearance are equal to the very best. The POST during the coming year will contain a larger fund of instruction, amusement and entertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other paper published.

We thus early announce the following Serials from old and well-known favorites of admitted ability and popularity:

#### THE LOST DIAMOND.

By Margaret M. Hosmer,  
Author of "A Mystery of the Reef."

#### AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

By Millie W. Carpenter,  
Author of "Such Sweet Sorrows," etc.

#### FOR TRUE LOVE'S SAKE.

By Bett Woodrow,  
Author of "The Ebony Umbrella," etc.

Powerful writers, new to the columns of the Post, have also been secured, and will follow in rapid succession. The following is only a partial list of those whose contributions will enrich our columns during the year 1875:

#### CHARLES MORRIS.

Author of "Plighted in Peril," etc.

#### CAPTAIN CLEWLINE.

Author of "Gentleman Dick," etc.

#### AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Author of "Under a Ban," etc.

#### MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "Wrung from the Grave," etc.

#### H. REBAK.

Author of "Bound by a Spell," etc.

#### FRANK CARROLL.

Author of "The Her of Glendale," etc.

#### LOUISA CROW.

Author of "Father's Secret," etc.

#### ELIZABETH MORRISON.

Author of "A Hidden Wrong," etc.

#### CAPTAIN CARNES.

Author of "Red Kelly," or, "The Free Riders of the Plains," etc.

#### "BLUE JACKET."

FREDERICK M. HILL,  
DR. GRIFFITH.

#### BERT THOMSON.

CAPTAIN JAMES.

#### CHARLES B. CLARK.

CHRISTIE LINCOLN.

#### MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of "Wrung from the Grave," etc.

#### MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

IDA FAY.

In addition to the above a series of highly interesting

#### "PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE."

Law, Medicine, and Social Science, written in a pleasant, familiar and instructive style by gentlemen who are acknowledged authorities on the several topics discussed, and whose names we shall shortly announce.

Our Special Departments.—THE BOUTON, containing the very latest FASHION news presented in most attractive form; FAIRIES' COLUMN and OUR OWN SPIRIT, never failing sources of instruction and amusement.

#### FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

NEWS OF INTEREST, THE REVIEWER, NEW PUBLICATIONS, FAIRIES, and the CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU, containing solid and valuable instruction given in ANSWER to ALL INQUIRIES upon almost every question which can be presented or discussed.

WE ARE DETERMINED THAT THE OLDEST LITERARY AND FAMILY PAPER IN AMERICA SHALL ALSO BE THE BEST.

## 1875!

### ABOUT POSTAGE, CLUB RATES, TERMS, ETC.

Heretofore the postage on the POST has been twenty cents a year, payable in advance, quarterly, by the subscriber, at the office where the paper was received. Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post-office in this city.

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the POST has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, as we have determined not to increase our subscription price, even to club subscribers. We make this announcement thus early in order to give our old friends in the country, who desire to form clubs, the benefit thereof, and hope they will call the attention of their neighbors to the fact, and say to them that the POST, a large eight page journal, printed on fine white paper, beautifully illustrated, containing FORTY-EIGHT columns of the choicest reading matter, will be sent, POSTAGE PAID BY US, to any address, on the following terms:

To Single Subscribers.—One copy, four months, \$1.00; one copy, six months, \$1.50; one copy, one year, \$3.00.

To Clubs.—Four copies, one year, post paid, to one address, \$10, which is \$2.50 per copy. Eight copies, one year, for \$20.00; and an additional copy, free, to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: \$2.50 each.

REMEMBER! POSTAGE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, HITHERTO PAID BY SUBSCRIBERS, WILL, AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1875, BE PAID BY US WITHOUT ADDITIONAL CHARGE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

#### STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

##### No. 1. HIS SON AND NEER.

"Is this Gerald Welch's?"

"No, it isn't," was my sudden and ungrammatical reply.

The questioner was a rough, ill-grained fellow, and he had disturbed my reverie. I thought he might at least have made his inquiries in the usual way, and not at the open window, where I sat.

"This is not Gerald Welch's."

"Next door, maybe?" came in harsh, guttural sounds from the lips of my questioner.

I was quite out of patience then.

"Not even the next door, nor the door beyond that, nor any in the neighborhood, to my knowledge, are Gerald Welch's," I replied.

"Umph!" said the man, sharply.

"You don't know him, I reckon?"

"I have not"—the pleasure of his acquaintance, I was about to add, but I happened to observe once more the harsh features of my questioner, so I stopped short, and changed the form of my reply.

"I do not," I truthfully said.

"That's unfortunate," said the man (strange to say, I did not quite agree with him). "Do you take boarders?"

"I don't," I said, again, and immediately referred him to the lady whose son John was recently married, thinking thus to be rid of my inquisitive friend.

"Beg pardon, I'm a stranger," said the man, with a leer, resting his arms upon the window-sill, and peering oddly into my room (as if it was possible that Mr. Gerald Welch might be hidden there, after all). "So you don't know Gerald Welch?"

"I never even heard of him," I acknowledged.

"I'm his son," the fellow continued—"his son and heir."

He grinned knowingly, evidently expecting me to congratulate him; but I was too thankful to know that he was anybody's heir but mine, to make any reply whatever.

"Well, Mr. Welch," I said, at last, "I regret that I cannot inform you as to the whereabouts of your father; but, perhaps, if you inquire elsewhere—"

"Yes," he replied, impudently, "he'll turn up somewhere. I'm in no hurry."

I briefly informed him that, just then, I was too busily engaged to continue the conversation.

In one of my earlier studies I remarked that the corner of a bye-street came nearly opposite my window. It is a corner where men are often lounging, everlastingly "waiting for something."

I thought, for good fortune, perhaps; but such fortune never comes, and they wait, and wait, and wait, as man never grows morose, and then—pull down the blind.

The "stranger" left me with an indignant frown, and after pacing in front of my window several times, to my annoyance and disgust, he made a feint of recognizing some one, and finally crossed the street, and addressed himself to one of the forlorn and hopeless-looking individuals whom I had so often noticed there gazing upon vacancy.

They stood chatting and laughing for, perhaps, half an hour, and made many needless references to my window, as I judged by their gestures—so I supposed the seedy man, with whose face and figure I was familiar, was the all-important Gerald Welch, respecting whom the other had inquired.

Presently they were joined by others, and, after a while, the whole tribe adjourned to the saloon, where they remained some time—much to my relief, for I grew tired of wondering what their occupation could be, that they could lead this listless, dreamy life, so objectionable, so barren of result.

But next day they were there again, and the next, and to my surprise and annoyance my window was again the object of their remark and observation. Something was said, however, which led them to transfer their delicate attentions elsewhere, and I, who was growing nervous, breathed peacefully again.

Were they housebreakers? I wondered. Could they have grave designs upon my personal property? Would it be well to invest my savings in a patent electrical

alarm? or, were they merely peaceful electioneers, about to nominate some highly-respectable gentleman named Gerald Welch as a candidate for some high office?

Not the latter, surely; and, if not, what then?

The papers were filled with the records of crime that week—murders, bank robberies, highway robberies, forgeries. After all, was Gerald Welch a myth?—an intimate acquaintance of the sportive Tom Collins? and were they merely enjoying a joke at my expense?

Well, time will tell, I thought—and it did.

I had occasion to remember, suddenly, that my landlord's name was Welch. Could it be "Gerald," also?

He was an elderly gentleman, rather sociable, certainly respectable—not at all the sort of man who would associate with the individual who had so curiously and impudently addressed me.

I detailed the circumstance to him one day when he called.

"I have a son," he quietly said, with a compression of the lips, and an eager look about the eyes, that were foreign to him. "I have a son, whom I have not seen for years."

He noticed my evident interest and surprise, and added:

"I lived in this house when I last saw him. He robbed me—you should know, perhaps—but I forgave him, and he went away."

The old gentleman was evidently distressed. With what appealing eloquence he uttered the last words! They were like the sorrowful wail of a despairing spirit. "He robbed me—I forgave him—and he went away."

"I never heard from him—I have mourned him as one dead—and now you tell me—"

It was too much for him. He staggered to a chair.

"I must seek him," he mused, "or evil will befall him. If you should meet with him again, please tell him where he may find me. I am—yes, I am Gerald Welch."

My landlord called again next day.

"I cannot keep away, you see," he said to me. "Would you mind my waiting here? Perhaps he may come to-day. I think you said you had noticed him several times? Were those men his companions?"

I acknowledged that they were.

"God help my son!" said the old gentleman, fervently. "I fear he has not yet turned from his evil ways."

I tried hard to comfort him.

"But, after all, if I can win him back again he may yet become an honorable man. While there is life there is hope," I thought to tell him once again.

At this moment I saw my stranger advancing slowly (but not steadily, I thought) toward his daily rendezvous. I did not wish the father to witness the familiar greeting between his son and the idlers at the corner, so I made some pretext to leave the room, and sent a messenger to meet the man, to inform him of his father's proximity.

He will suppress that jaunty air, I thought, and infuse a little feeling into his manner and demeanor.

He avoided the corner as I anticipated, and that was all. As he drew nearer, I pointed him out to Mr. Welch, who seemed barely to recognize him. When he came quite close, however, the old man gave a start, and turned very pale.

"That—that my son!" he said.

The man entered, as I had requested he would do. He made a grave salute, and, placing himself in quite a dramatic attitude, he uttered the stereotyped phrase:

"Father, don't you know me?"

"You my son?" said Welch. "Why do you attempt to impose upon me? I recognize you. You are the scoundrel who led my son into error—who told him what a brave and gallant deed it was to rob his own father?"

"I see my little plagiarism is not appreciated," said the impostor, gravely. "Nevertheless, I come to undo some of the evil I have wrought. As you correctly surmise, I am not your son, and you are clever enough to know it. My real purpose is—"

"To levy blackmail, I suppose," sneered Welch.

"Not so," said the man, laughing. "Your son at present supplies my necessities. I come to tell you—"

"My son! It is of him you would speak?"

"Are you sure you can bear good news?" said the man, anxiously. "I come to tell you that your scapegrace son (lucky dog!) has become a successful planter. I met him quite promiscuously. In fact, as you are a member of the family, I don't mind telling you. I was out of funds, and contemplated a raid upon the farm—"

"The farm?" said Gerald, vacantly.

"Well, homestead, then. It is in Nebraska county—but when I discovered who its owner was, of course I assumed the more dignified character of an old acquaintance. He fed me, clothed me, and behaved like a good fellow generally. So, out of gratitude, you see, I just hinted that I would like to come home again, and he volunteered the necessary expenses, upon condition that I would find you out and give you this packet. Upon my word, if it had been any one else I had had to deliver it to, he would never have seen it or me, I reckon."

It was a small package, containing the exact sum which the son had taken from the father. A letter, too, full of contrition and repentance, and filled with the promise of the prodigal's return.

"You brought this?" said Welch.

"Well, yes, I don't profess much, my friend, but I helped to spend your money once, and he trusted me, and did me a good turn; so, however bad I may be, I couldn't keep that. I know it isn't the money you care so much about; but if I had told you I had had it, and had spent it, you wouldn't have believed me, so I brought the packet whole."

"You shall never regret it."

"Well, I won't say that I didn't enter into my calculations also. However, I have a clearer conscience now that I have been the means of healing the breach which I once helped to make between a fond father and a scapegrace son."

"You have! You have!" the old man cried aloud, and there were tears in the eyes of the other also.

A few moments afterwards the prodigal returned, with pockets lined with the fruits of honest industry. The father is now ten years younger; but the man who brought about this glad reunion has disappeared again. He wears an easier conscience, I am sure.

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY M. V. N.

Fading beneath our passing feet,  
Strewed upon lawn and lawn and street,  
Tried with the hues of the sunset sky,  
Fading in glory so silently,  
Beautiful leaves!

Never to freshen another spring,  
Never to know what the summer may bring,  
Withered beneath the dust and cold,  
Soon to decay in the summer mold,  
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years that change your tint  
Mark upon your autumnal print,  
So shall we fall from the wheel of time,  
Faded as ye fade in a wintry clime,  
Beautiful leaves!

But when the harvest of life is past,  
And we wake in eternal spring at last,  
May He who paints your brilliant hue  
Form us first in the summer dew,  
Of beautiful leaves.

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY MATRICE ROAN.

My name is Angelo Perkins. I was born in a small village in that State which some conceited people have designated as consisting of junes and sands, and as being "nowhere"—Jersey. But why get excited? Our native State vindicates itself against these absurd calumnies. There it stands! "The American eagle flaps its wings above its swelling plains," as Seth Brown said in his oration last Fourth, and brought down the house, which would have been all right, had not the platform come down at the same time, and crushed Seth's wooden leg.

I have had some narrow escapes in my time, but never have I escaped from more deadly peril than that of being "one of the family."

I was just twenty-two when I came to Philadelphia, and at twenty-two everybody sees you through green spectacles, and though you don't know it, you're greener than you seem.

I was homesick, and I couldn't understand Philadelphia ways. I had been at a hotel several days, when, one morning, I thought of seeking comfort in the pages of a morning paper.

"Just the thing!" I thought; "just the thing! What a kind woman she must be! There is some goodness out of Jersey!" And I read aloud the following advertisement:

A widow, having a large house, is willing to accommodate two or three young gentlemen with board and lodging. Money is no object. Her only wish is to preserve young men, alone in the world, from the dangers and temptations of a large city by offering them a home, and treating them strictly as one of the family.

Theologians tell us that the intention is everything. This being the case, I overlooked the bad grammar in the last clause, and thought only of the angel who penned it.

"Call at No. Blank street, between nine and one o'clock."

Taking my hat, I called at once. The house was large, and the brightness of the bell-handle, the whiteness of the paint, and the redness of the brick pavement made a dazzling combination that pained my unaccustomed eyes.

I was shown into the parlor. After I had looked into the mirror, tried both sofas and the piano, I examined the "Washington" at one end of the room, and scrutinized the photographs of "grandma," "grandpa," and an unknown multitude, a lady entered. She was short, fat, not fair, but quite forty, with light ringlets on either side of her face. She gave me a look which seemed as if it might be intended for a life insurance agent.

"I called, madam," I began, hastening to remove the disagreeable impression "in regard to the advertisement."

Her face was instantly wreathed in smiles. She held out both hands.

"I know that we will suit each other exactly," she said, sweetly, "and I have great faith in first impressions. I feel like a mother to you already."

I always had an idea—a very distant, vague idea—that there was something remarkably prepossessing about me, but even in my most sanguine moments, I had never calculated on inspiring such very sudden affection.

"Yes, my dear sir," she continued, "you shall be treated strictly as one of the family, and have all the comforts of a home."

I muttered something about references—other boarders.

"References? I require no reference from a young man with a face like yours, but I invariably expect payment of board a week in advance. There are no other boarders. I am remarkably particular—scrupulously particular—in fact, I am constantly refusing applications."

I felt flattered, and though I hated to mention the subject to such an unworthy creature, I was compelled to ask her terms.

"Oh, my dear friend," she exclaimed, raising her hands dramatically, "I really know nothing about money."

The late Mr. Muggins—she waved her handkerchief in front of her eyes—"always managed money matters without consulting me. If you really insist on receiving a suggestion from me, I should say twelve dollars per week. No more—positively no more!"

I hadn't the heart to intimate that I had not expected to pay more than seven dollars a week, as man never grows morose, and then—pull down the blind.

"I don't make bargains sometimes—but a woman! And such a charming, disinterested woman! I could only bow."

Having chosen a large, well-furnished bedroom, I left. The next day's sun saw me installed in Mrs. Mirabelle Muggins' boarding-house as one of the family.

The family consisted of Mrs. Muggins, her three boys, aged from sixteen down to seven; Miss Muggins—Julia Ann—a tall young person, certainly verging on twenty-five, who indulged in a tremendously fashionable style of coiffure and dress.

The first four days passed off well. On the fifth, Mrs. Muggins began to call me Angelo, and the boys to treat me as one of the family, by borrowing small sums, and any of my belongings that happened to strike them; Julia Ann smiled on me, too.

"You are despicably, my dear Angelo," said Mrs. Muggins, in her delightful motherly way, one day when I came to dinner as hungry as a wolf. "You are despicably. No more hot dinners—something light, ethereal beneficent—bran bread and a very little cold mutton."

I protested that I was not despicably, that I didn't know what dyspepsia was. "Dear, obstinate boy," she said, playfully, "you remind me so much of the late Mr. M. He was despicably, too. Forgive my motherly solicitude, but I must save you from an early grave."

After this that woman nearly drove me into an early grave. She did her best

to starve me to death. I shudder at the recollection. But I was so young and green.

"Julia Ann is so quiet," Mrs. Muggins said to me several times. "I do wish the dear girl would go out more. By the way, there's an opera troupe here. They sing *Lucia* to-night. She does love music so much, but the poor, dear child seldom gets an opportunity of enjoying it."

Of course, I had no alternative but to offer to escort Miss Julia Ann to the opera, theatre, or concert, as the case might be. This happened so frequently that I began to grow anxious about my financial condition.

"We have a new boarder," Mrs. Muggins announced one evening. "He is coming to-morrow. Mr. Prichard is his name, a friend of the late Mr. M.'s—a sweet old man, but very easily irritated. I took the liberty of removing your bureau and carpet into his room. Angelo, I knew you wouldn't mind it, as you're quite one of the family."

It dawned upon me that it was rather undesirable to be one of the family. I supposed the thought, however, ungrateful.

The boys borrowed my best suit in turns. George Washington Muggins picked the lock of my writing-desk with a nail. Adolphus spoiled my watch. Napoleon smoked my cigars, and used my hair oil. I hadn't a right to do the things? Wasn't I "one of the family?"

"Dear! dear!" said Mrs. Muggins, glancing at me, affectionately. She, Julia Ann, and I were sitting in the twilight parlor. "Dear! dear! Strange thoughts occur to me sometimes. I often think that you and my Julia Ann were made for each other."

I blushed. I almost wished I had never been made at all, and felt like making for the door.

"How can you say that?" said Julia Ann. "I really shall expire."





## TO FAIRYLAND AND BACK.

PART I.—HAPPY-GO-LUCKY AMONG THE MORTALS.

BY F. S. MILLS.

Little Joe grieved very much when Luke, the woodcutter, told him that Minnie had disappeared, and he ran a great way into the woods calling her by name.

But no Minnie answered to his call. The leaves upon the trees rustled, and the breeze moaned sorrowfully, while the birds, Joe fancied, called out "Minnie," in their own fashion, and the wild flowers closed up their tiny petals in sympathy, but still no Minnie came.

He had wandered further than he thought, and somehow he had lost his way, and it was growing dark, so he sat down upon a log which Luke must have cut down a day before, and wondered what he should do.

The fireflies flickered among the green leaves. One of them seemed to be much brighter than the rest, and after flying around him several times, it settled upon the log quite close to him, and he noticed a very little imp standing beneath the light, watching him curiously.

It was Thought, the fairy's counsellor.

"What can I do for you, little one," said the imp, politely.

Joe could not help laughing when the sprite (who was in a merry mood,) called him "little one," when he (the sprite) was so very, very little, but he was too much troubled to speculate upon the absurdity of the thing, so he merely answered:

"Please, I want to go home."

"You want to go home, eh? then why can't you go?" said Thought, laughing merrily.

"I have lost my way," said Joe.

"Ah!" said the imp, maliciously.

"Many people do that when they travel in my company. I have a habit of traveling very long distances, you know, sometimes among the clouds, and sometimes among the clouds. I can take you to the place where you were born, or show you yourself in the future."

"Please take me home," said Joe.

"Oh, very well. I thought you wished to find Minnie," said the messenger, in a huff.

"Yes, indeed," said Joe, quickly.

"Can you find her for me?"

"I will take you to her," said the sprite.

"Please, is it very far?" said Joe, dubiously.

"Only to Fairyland," Thought answered.

"Fairyland! Is there really such a place?"

"Yes—in the Kingdom of Imagination," was the answer.

"Is Minnie there?"

"Come, I can't stay answering questions all the time. Close your eyes if you wish to go with me."

Joe did as he was bid, and immediately he felt himself lifted bodily from the log on which he sat, and when he opened his eyes again, he was amazed to find himself in Fairyland, indeed.

Hundreds of little creatures were dancing merrily to the light of a number of the most gigantic fireflies he had ever seen. Presently the Queen was announced, and they ceased dancing, and ranged themselves in their places round the throne, which glistened in the subdued light, and seemed almost too grand for anyone, even the Fairy Queen herself, to sit upon.

The King's throne was not nearly so brilliant. Can my readers guess why? Because fairy dewdrops fade when their possessor is unworthy, and fairy thrones are not for those who misbehave themselves.

The Queen came and Minnie with her. Little Joe was mightily pleased to see her once again. The King followed them. He was in a bad humor, for the Queen had monopolized the whole of Minnie's society, and Minnie had told her how badly Happy-go-lucky had broken the law of hospitality at the woodcutter's cabin, but Joe did not notice how spitefully the King behaved, and presently Thought told him to advance to the inner circle, and he did so, trembling all the while.

"Minnie," said little Joe, addressing himself to her instead of to the Queen, as was but natural under the circumstances, "I have come to look for you."

"So much the worse for you," muttered the King, and he sent one of his officers, a wasp, to sting him under the left ear.

"This is little Joe, I suppose," said the Fairy Queen, smiling. "So you want to take Minnie home?"

"Yes," said Joe, bashfully, and then he felt the sting, and thought that was inflicted because he wished to have Minnie for a playmate again.

"I suppose you love her very much," said the Queen, archly.

"Yes," said Joe, again. And the King was so enraged at hearing this, that he sent the wasp again to sting him under the right ear.

Then Joe began to cry with pain; at which the Queen was much surprised, but Thought, the counsellor, whispered to her, and she became very indignant and summoned her retinue.

"My visitors must be protected," she said, to the King, haughtily.

"Both your visitors," replied the King; and as he knew that an argument was about to commence, and that he would get the worst of it, he hurriedly vacated the throne, and quitted the court without even so much as wishing the Queen good-bye.

"A pretty King Happy-go-lucky," said one of the courtiers, boldly. "We'll have little Joe for king."

"Oh, no—please! I don't understand," said Joe, and he looked at Minnie, as he was in the habit of doing when he wanted her advice or help.

Then the fairies laughed, and they all clustered round Joe and Minnie, and made them dance and sing for their amusement; and they both began to think they would like to stay there always. But Minnie thought of her father Luke, and went up to the Queen and pleaded for leave to return home.

"I am glad you are a faithful child," said the fairy, kindly. "Always love your father dearly, and then I can always help you. My name is Fidelity, you know, and my lieutenant is Thought. Shall I give you a talisman?"

"What is that?" said Minnie, curiously.

"Something to remember me by. Memory is another of my servants. The remembrance of good deeds will always bring me near you."

She gave Minnie one of the glistening dewdrops from her throne, and another one to Joe.

"The talisman I give you is Hope," she said. "The parched and feverish flowers drink of these dewdrops eagerly, and hope for a bright to-morrow. Thought shall lead you home again, and my talisman will overcome all obstacles by the way."

Then Thought led them onward through great avenues, and along wide roads, and they were happy in each other's company, and talked of future rambles through the woods. Fairyland faded gradually from view, and they came to a rivulet which both remembered well.

There was a stone in the centre of the brook, and Thought left them whilst Joe was finding it for a stepping-place for Minnie.

Joe was standing on the stone and reaching his hand to Minnie, when King Happy-go-lucky (who had been waiting all the while) tipped over the stone, and Joe fell into the water with a splash.

Joe was not very deep, however, and the talisman rescued Minnie and himself. Not so with the wicked fairy, for his heel caught under the stone and he went under.

So slight an immersion would not have harmed an ordinary fairy, but Happy-go-lucky's power was gone. The dewdrops had gradually faded from his throne, and there was no Hope left for him.

So the water-sprites (who were rebels then) carried him away, and Minnie, with little Joe, reached home in safety.

How strange that Luke was asleep by the bedside all the time, and that the incidents above recorded were a dream of his; no more!

When Minnie came running in with little Joe, as she did at that moment, from a long ramble in the woods; he rubbed his eyes in an astonished way, and said:

"Ah, children, Hope is a great talisman after all, but Fidelity is the fairy that lands us safely over all obstacles. He Faithful, Thoughtful, Hopeful and True!"

## KIND HEART.

BY LIDA FAY.

Franz, the young musician, sat sobbing by the roadside. He had not earned one penny all the long, long day; and now, to crown his misfortune, one of the strings of his violin had snapped, leaving him hopeless of success in his calling for a long time to come.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he cried.

"The peasants will not stay their dancing because the fiddler cannot play; the little children must have music to beguile them; some other person they will find to take my place, and I shall die of grief. Wee! wee!"

While the words of complaint were yet on his lips, he was accosted by a withered old crone, who was bent nearly double with age, and was, besides, a hunchback. She was a most loathsome-looking creature; and Franz would have turned away in disgust, but her plaintive voice and pleading words moved his kind heart to pity.

"You are wretched," she said; "but but you are more miserable than I! Ah, kind master, open your purse, for I am starving."

"Would that I could!" cried the lad.

"I have neither purse nor money to put in it."

"Is it so, indeed?" the hag answered, despairingly. "Mayhap you've a crust about you that would lay hunger?"

"Alas, none!"

Then the beggar fell to groaning and waiting at such a rate that Franz could bear no longer.

"Here!" he cried, seizing his beloved violin. "It is my best and my all that I offer. Take it—I cannot endure to see you suffer."

It was growing dark; but, as the crone reached forth her hand, a glow as of sunrise came between her and Franz, and in the strange light it seemed to the lad her form straightened and became beautiful, her wrinkled face grew lovely.

"Well done, my good child!" she said; and her voice was like music. "Your unselfish charity shall not go unrewarded."

Franz remembered nothing more; and when he awoke the next morning, in the same place on the roadside, was certain he had been dreaming. He rose to look for his violin—rubbed his eyes—looked again. Not it, but a new and beautiful Cremona lay there, and beside it a purse of gold, with "Kind-Heart" embroidered in its silken mocha.

Franz took the money to his mother, showed her his new violin, and told of his adventure. She raised her eyes and hands in grateful wonder.

"'Twas some good fairy, no less, in disguise," she said. "Pray Heaven you may be worthy of her gifts."

Whether this was true or not the lad never knew; but certain it is, with the music of his new violin he made his way to "fame and fortune," and never, even in his proudest moments of success, failed to deserve the name of "Kind-Heart."

## A German Fable.

A raven was crossing a field, and saw a cuckoo preparing a soft bed behind a shady bush. That seemed very odd to him; so he crept nearer, and asked the cuckoo what he was making there.

"A bed, as you see," the cuckoo answered, shortly.

"A bed! What for?" the raven kept on inquiring. "You are not going to lie on the ground? As far as I know, you usually rest in a hollow tree."

"It is not for myself," replied the cuckoo, "but for that poor sick hen there, you see behind the bushes. See that poor creature," he continued, weeping; "she fills my soul with pity; she has not been well for a long time."

"Really, an odd kind of neighborly love. I could never in the least have expected that of you," cried the raven, in ecstasy; and the bright tears flowed down his raven cheeks at the thought of his noble deed.

"Yes," the cuckoo continued, in a whispering tone. "This good hen laid me nearly every day an egg; upon that I have hitherto lived when I could get at nothing else, and how miserable I should be if she should die! I must perish—yes, must starve in these famine times."

"Aha, so! It is not precisely for the poor sick hen, but for the eggs, you make the nest," croaked the raven, as, quickly drying her tears, she flew away.

## CASED.

BY HENRY A. BERNHARDT.

Little white bird in your beautiful prison. Flattering innocently all the long day—

Beating your breast till its plumage is crimson. Why do you murmur? and what do you say?

"Low laughs my love from the lap of a blossom—Free are her pinions to flutter or fly! Light lies the breeze on the down of her bosom—"

And you are in fetters?—no darling, am I!

Oh! like yours, are the bars of my prison: Weary, like yours, with their wailing, my voice.

And far, far away in the calm and the crimson Of morning eternal, my beautiful sings. Yet when the daylight the butterfly mingles,

I lean through the lattice that looks to the And catch the rare sweets of her comforting kisses.

Out from the hold of a Paradise breeze.

Hush, pretty prisoner! I know all your sorrows!

I know how your pulses quiver and ache: How your heart with no hope for the coming to-morrow.

In the wine-press of anguish is ready to break. Yet nobody opens the door of my prison, Beautiful warbler! as I open thine, Hiding thee fly with thy bosom of crimson—

To joy, and to freedom that cannot be mine.

## GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

## The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Seemingly and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clowline.

(This serial was commenced in No. 18, Vol. 54. Black numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ALMOST A MUTINY.

Sam Tully fastened an iron grip upon the shoulder of the doomed man, and dragged him to his feet. Two strong men seized him upon either side and held him, while Sam lifted the running monkey which lay upon the floor of the fore-cabin, and passed it about his neck.

At this moment Dick Fenton rose upon his bunk, and looked wildly about him.

"It is Black Rodger," he cried. "What has he been doing, shipmates?"

"He tried to murder you, and we are going to serve him out for it," was the stern reply of the harpooner. "On deck there, a dozen of you, and get hold of the fellow!"

The seamen hurried to obey the order, and only a few remained in the fore-cabin.

Dick sprang out of his bunk, and slipped on part of his clothing hurriedly.

"Don't do it, boys," he said, quickly. "It will be a crime to hang this man for merely attempting my life."

"That's the talk," cried Black Rodger. "By—'I'm sorry I ever tried it on; but you drove to it. I ask your pardon, Dick. I ask it on my knees, and beg you to save me."

"On deck there!" shouted Sam Tully. "Walk away with the fellow."

There came the tramp of feet above, and the unfortunate wretch, clutching at everything which he could reach, was dragged up to the scuttle. Here he braced his hands and feet, but the slip noose ran taut, and he let go his hold.

The monkey's head appeared above the combing of the fore-cabin; he was seized, and his feet placed upon the deck.

"Keep back, Gentleman Dick," roared Sam Tully. "I like you, and would do anything for you, but this man is a murderer, twenty times over. He is a wrecker, I tell you—a man who lights false beacons, and gives a whole crew to death for the sake of the spoils."

"Give him a trial," replied Dick. "The captain will see that you have fair play."

"We won't trust to that," was the reply. "He might escape, and where would our revenge be, then?"

"You shall not hang him," cried the lad, leaping through the scuttle to the deck. "I will save him from you."

The men on deck were busy with the wrecker, and he ran by them like the wind, and the boy heard him thundering at the door of the captain's cabin, shouting for him to rise.

"Hurry up, lads," cried Sam Tully. "We must get this job done quickly. Do you know a prayer, Rodger Bates? If you do, say it as you go aloft."

Black Rodger only answered by cries for mercy, mingled with execrations against the men who held him in their clutches.

"Here comes the captain," cried Dick, running up. "Give the man a chance for a trial. Don't let him die unheard."

"Up with him!" was the only reply vouchsafed by the angry sailors.

The gang holding the "fall" rushed aft, and the body of Black Rodger was away in the air.

Dick leaped into the fore shrouds, and went up like a cat, and before the men had taken half a dozen steps, he was out on the yard, his keen knife flashed in the air, and with a piercing cry he cut just below the block.

Black Rodger dropped to the deck, a distance of ten feet, with a dull thud. The next moment the crew scattered, and Captain Tom, Forsythe, and the third mate, stood over the prostrate body with a pistol in each hand.

"Is this a mutiny?" cried the captain, facing the men boldly, his gray hair blown back by the wind.

The second mate stepped forward, and silently ranged himself beside the other officers. Dick slid down from the yard and joined them.

"Wait," said the captain. "You, Sam Tully, seem to lead this mutiny, and must speak. Why were you hanging this man?"

"Because he is a murderer."

"Has this been proved? Has he had a trial? And who made you master of this ship, Mr. Jack-before-the-mast?"

"He killed my brother. He is Black Rodger Bates, the well-known wrecker of Portland Beach. He tried to kill Gentleman Dick, and would have done it, only for Tully."

"Who commands this ship? Under other circumstances I would not parley with you; but now, as you say that the provocation is great, I give you all one chance. I know you, and have proved you in many dangers; braver men never sailed under me, and that is the reason why I am lenient with you. A mutiny on the high seas is death by the law, and I would not have your blood upon my hands. Will you give this man up to me, that he may have a fair trial?"

The men hesitated. There was not one among them who would not have followed Captain Manning to the death,

and have made him bold backers. They loved him because he treated sailors as men, not as dogs, and never asked his men to peril their lives where he would not go with them. But foremost hands are like Scottish clans; they cling by each other.

"You had better take care," said the third mate, warningly. "We are better armed than you are, and you will get the worst of it, if you do not yield."

"Don't threaten them, Mr. Helling," said the captain. "They are brave men, but have made a mistake. I am going to make a trial of their obedience, and if they fail me, I shall know what it means. All hands—except the helmsman—stations for sail hoisting!"

The men hesitated a moment, and then Tully shouted in his heavy voice:

"Obey! The man who hesitates to follow me will feel my harpoon."

They only wanted a leader, and at that stern voice every man sprang to his station.

"All hands silent!" said the captain. "You have obeyed me, and I am proud of my crew. The men who can conquer themselves in times like these, are the men whom I can trust. As for this fellow, he shall be tried, and receive his deserts. All the port watch to duty. Starboard watch, turn in."

The men obeyed him, and the officers remained, looking in each other's faces, over the silent form of Black Rodger. There was a wild look in the face of Dan Forsythe, for he knew that he had been baffled again, and that Dick had gained another point in the estimation of the captain.

"Call that boy here," said old Tom.

Dick, who was going below with the men, came aft at the order, and touched his cap.

"Why did you turn against your mates just now, my lad?"

"Because they were doing wrong."

"If they had attacked us, what would you have done?"

"I should have fought them as well as I could," replied Dick.

"Enough," said the captain, "you have been lied about, and from this moment you have a friend in me. Go to your duty."

Dick left the deck with a proud step, followed by the dark glances of Forsythe. The insensible form of Bates was carried to the "brig," or prison of the ship, and the Dolphin ploughed on her way.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## IN SEARCH OF WHALES.

Honolulu was left behind, with its pleasant breadfruit groves, its tropical vines, and its mendacious and speculative inhabitants. The Kanaka, the name by which the inhabitants of these islands are best known, is by nature a liar and a thief, in the way of business. They would not go into your house and steal your goods any more than other classes of people, but they will cheat you, as they would their own brothers, in a transaction.

Dick had been permitted to land, under a promise that he would not "bolt." In fact, he had little desire to do so now. Nature had made him a sailor, and there is something enticing, after all, in life before the mast. He was getting learned in sailor lore, under the tuition of Tully, and the men idolized him. In the long summer days and the nights in the fore-cabin, he used to sit for hours, telling them stories out of his stock of old legends of the sea and shore. He told them of the Argonauts, the Vikings, Drake, Cabot, Hudson, and all that host of adventurers and brave men of the by-gone days, while they listened entranced. To "yarn it" well is a sailor's glory, and there seemed to be no limit to the knowledge of Gentleman Dick to these simple men. So Dick landed at Honolulu, and during the three days which he had to himself, guided by Tully, he visited the old battle fields of the islands, and the great volcano of Kilauea.

The Dolphin sailed, and headed for the whaling ground.

Little did they know that three hundred miles to the south, the swift schooner Antelope was speeding on, under a press of sail, to take the wanderer home. Tully was spending all his spare time in teaching the boy all that was necessary in the whaler's art. He had been tried at the paddles and the oars, and had shown himself such an adept that by universal acclamation he had been assigned to the boat of the second mate, where his training in a racing boat had done much for him. The captain had offered to make him a sort of passenger, but he had refused to leave the fore-cabin or to shirk any duty.

Black Rodger was out of the ship, having been left with the consul at Honolulu, who had promised to send him to the "States" in irons, on the first American ship which sailed. Once there, his crimes would insure his punishment. The men, when they had time to think, were glad that Dick had turned against them, and had prevented the execution of their design against the wrecker, and that he had also saved them from open mutiny.

"There is a standing reward for the first man who sees 'spouts,' said Tully, as they sat in the tops. "I wonder who will get it?"

"Hard to say," replied Dick. "I suppose it is something of an honor."

"We think so," replied Tully. "And it is the same with the 'first harpoon.' I have always won that in any ship I sailed in."

"I wish that I could be harpooner," said Dick.

"Look here, my son; don't get along too fast. It is no baby job to strike a whale, and the best of us know the danger. One thing I will say for you, however; you are cool and steady enough to make a harpooner—in time."

"I am strong enough for it, too," replied Dick, raising his muscular arm. "Look at Handy Pete, harpooner in the third mate's boat. I can throw him, every time."

"It isn't the strength so much as experience. Pete ain't the best harpooner in the world, nor he ain't bad, by any means. He's fair, Pete is; that's all you can say of him."

The whaling grounds are before them now, the home of the cachalot or sperm whale, the king of his tribe. This is the whale of all others which is most sought, and which our indefatigable fishermen are driving from the sea. This mountain of blubber and greasy flesh, with his square pugnacious jaws and the wonderful deposit of sperm in the head, was the prize which the Dolphin sought.

"Right" whales might pass them by, for the sperm whaler scorns them. They sought the cachalot, and only the cachalot. Indeed, the "right" whale cannot have a very quiet life in water occupied

by the giant race. They fight, battles of the giants, rearing their powerful flukes in the air, and striking blows which would have shaken a great ship from keel to truck; and the cachalot, more powerful than his antagonist, always remains master of the field.

The crew of a ship, beside being divided into watches, have their places in the boats, with the exception of the steward, carpenter and the boys. Under ordinary circumstances, Dick would not have been assigned to a boat; but in this case he took the place of Black Rodger, who had been disposed of in such a summary manner. The captain would not have forced him to take an oar against his will, but he was not only ready, but willing and anxious for the sport.

The Dolphin sailed on, in search of her giant prey. At times they passed individual members of the whaling fleet, some flying the red cross of Great Britain, some the orange and black, and others still the starry flag. Among all those who fight leviathan, none are more vigilant and brave than the hardy fishermen of our Eastern States, which have reared a race of Tritons, sea warriors, who love the strange battle on the sea.

Captain Manning was one of these, and as the days wore on, and no "spouts" were sighted, he began to be uneasy and scarcely left the deck, scanning the blue surface of the sea through the long glass which he always carried. Suddenly, without warning, the ship passed out of the deep blue water, and entered a sea red as blood.

"What is this?" cried Dick, pointing at this strange appearance. "The water is colored with something."

"I guess it is," replied Tully, with a laugh. "Those are animals."

"Phew! That is what Jack would call a stretcher. Animals, indeed!"

"Well, I don't know whether those fellows they call naturalists would call them animals or insects. It don't matter much, but that is what the whales feed on. Now, maybe you've heard of whales swallowing men, but it is a blamed lie. The whale is a big enough to take in a jolly boat, but the throat of a whale could not permit a good sized man to pass. You don't believe that red stuff is alive?"





(Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to Mrs. M. E. WOODBURN, Editor, SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.)

### ENIGMA.

I am known the wide world round,  
And am often wanting found  
Where in plenty I abound.  
Shapes of every kind I've got,  
Straight and crooked—cold and hot—  
Who can say that I am not?  
Ever moving here and there,  
Soft and hard, foul and fair,  
Burdens often great I bear.  
Yet I frequently let fall  
Many things however small,  
Which I can't support at all.  
Calm am I, yet know to foam;  
Some for me a distance roam,  
Though I may be found at home.  
I'm a fluid, but appear  
As a solid, far and near,  
In a season of the year.  
There are none that can destroy me,  
But if they might employ me,  
Will undoubtedly enjoy me. I am.

### CHARADE.

A lady firm and proud was she,  
And she of high degree.  
Infirmary, and cross, and old,  
The dame's papa had said she should,  
Altho' she vowed she never would,  
Wed to the first for gold.  
And so, to change her wilful mind,  
The haughty lady was confined,  
For days within her room.  
Pa took the second in his care,  
And but her of his rage he wore,  
Or dread a dreadful doom.  
The lady smiled, she had no fear,  
She knew her favored cavalier,  
For her would do and dare.  
She from the casement quick elopes,  
Papa and my first spying ropes,  
Felt like the whole of her were.

A young man courts a pretty girl,  
He don't wish to offend her,  
But asks her to become his wife  
A week before December.  
But when the question's put to her,  
A blush runs o'er her cheek,  
She evidently feels his first,  
And therefore cannot speak.  
My second on most doors is found,  
For safety I would say,  
My whole will name a character  
In one of Shakespeare's plays.

My first is dazzling to the eye,  
So rich, superb and grand,  
And every one has felt its power,  
In this and every land.  
My second may be termed a veil,  
Which overpreads the earth;  
It renders everything obscure,  
And hides the true nature's worth.  
My whole, it is a canopy,  
Of borne by ladies fair,  
When they go out to promenade,  
Or pleasure anywhere.

My first is my next, and my next is my first,  
Provided my second be married;  
My second's my whole, in ignorance  
Turned.  
In labor and toil his soul is immersed,  
All his days in the country he's tarried.

### VERBAL CHARADE.

First is in cable, but not in rope;  
Second in bishop, but not in pope;  
Third in sailing, but not in rowing;  
Fourth in mending, but not in sewing;  
Fifth in acre, but not in road;  
Sixth in forage, but not in food;  
Seventh in church, but not in steeple;  
Eighth in king, but not in people;  
My whole is a statement of much fame—  
If you read it aright, I've told you his name.

### DECAPITATION.

If you a gale of wind behold, you'll  
then perceive a shoemaker's tool.

### WOMAN'S AGE.

- Shakespeare speaks of seven ages,  
Woman's life has many stages,  
To old age none will make pretence,  
Their ages all of innocence.
1. One good age is to be free.
  2. Without it you would frigate her.
  3. Another age is round your hat.
  4. And one beneath your feet the plat.
  5. And one you see upon your plate.
  6. And one you drink of ancient date.
  7. And one before you in a roll.
  8. Not quite so large as music scroll.
  9. You knew in another age.
  10. When flirting was in early stage.
  11. With the new curate—don't deny it—  
It could not be a crime to try it.
  12. You had not then aspired so high,  
As diamonds, lace and frippery.
  13. An age when you tried hard to get  
A splendid dual coronet.
  14. An age set up for rivalry.
  15. A tender age girls loved to see.
  16. Another age goes by the train.
  17. Your wedding tresserous do contain.
  18. An age you left with smiles and tears,  
Your heart oppress with anxious fears.  
At leaving thus your father's door,  
Perhaps to see his face no more.
  19. For India bound, a blushing bride,  
That parent's hope, and joy and pride.
  20. When you give over dancing, then  
Another age employs my pen;  
Then comes the last and stage of all.
  21. When minds are held in captive thrall.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 21.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx" No. 15, Vol. 64.

CHARADES.—1. Matchless. 2. Childhood.

PUZZLE.—1-NONE. 2-NONE.

METAGRAM.—Food, Tool, Poed.

ENIGMA.—"Where Ignorance is Bliss  
'tis Folly to be Wise."

WORD SQUARE.—

PORCH  
OPERA  
REBUS  
CRUST  
HASTE

CONJURERS.—1. She would wish him  
to come with a ring. 2. Because they  
are troublesome.

### THE FOOTSTEP OF THE STAIR.

BY MARY E. WOODBURN.

I have very many treasures,  
That my heart has hid away,  
There's a little curl that's brighter  
Than the sunbeams of the day;  
And a little show that's sweeter  
Than the roses of the spring—  
It is hidden in my treasures there—  
And I listen, when I see it,  
For a footprint on the stair,  
For a patter, patter, patter,  
(Of a footprint on the stair.)

Now those little feet are silent,  
And the door is hidden low,  
Underneath the meadow grasses,  
And the daisies' fragrant bow,  
And I miss them in the morning,  
Pattering feet, and foot so fair—  
But I listen and I wait,  
For the patter, patter, patter,  
Of the footprint on the stair.

Then she'll come and kneel beside me  
In her little gown of white,  
And I'll listen to her prayer,  
And I'll listen to her wail,  
And I'll listen to her sigh,  
And I'll listen to her cry,  
And I'll listen to her song,  
For the patter, patter, patter,  
Of the footprint on the stair.

Oh the footprint on the stair!

## WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE; The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODBURN.

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOICE," ETC.

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from this office.]

### CHAPTER XXXI.

LEAVING A CURSE.

Miriam Danvers, crouching down upon the floor, had heard all, and at last knew that she was lost. But a strange calm had come upon her with this consciousness. The old agonizing pain and dread was all gone. The thought came to her that she ought to come out and face these men, who had so cruelly plotted her downfall, and, coolly announcing her guilt, tell them she was prepared to meet her fate. But when she essayed to rise, she found that her strength had entirely deserted her.

She heard their footsteps coming out again, and she made a resolute effort to cry aloud to them as they passed, but she felt that her trembling lips had refused to give utterance to a single articulate sound.

She heard them go forth, and knew when Parks, a little later, had closed the house for the night. But still she stirred not.

How long she lay there no one ever knew, but the night must have been nearly gone when she at last staggered to her feet. She could see into the dimly lighted hall, and contrived to make her way up to her own room. All its beauties struck her with a new sense of her own shame, and that she was looking at them for the last time. There was no breath save her own to disturb the terrible stillness. Eugene's portrait smiled down brightly, lovingly, from above the mantel. It seemed to her that the large truthful eyes were reading her very thoughts.

She got up hurriedly, and going to her wardrobe, took out her plainest dress of solid black, and put it on. Then she looked for a bonnet and veil to match, and when she had tied the former about her head, she opened her writing-case, murmuring, "I must bid him farewell."

She sat down with a portfolio upon her lap, and looked up once more at the portrait, when she took up her pen and wrote, in a trembling, scarcely legible hand:

My darling! My darling! I am not worthy of you and therefore, I go. But I love you. Eugene, I have learned to love you with all the strength and fierceness and terror that despair alone can give.

She sealed these simple lines in an envelope, directed them, and placed them conspicuously upon a table.

"Yes, my darling," she whispered, looking up again, "in my girlhood the fancy—never known to mortal being—least of all known to him—that I loved Caspar Lenox caused me at once to betray him, Leonora Danvers, and poor Louis; but it was all nothing to the tender gratitude and devotion which I know now, when it is too late, that I feel for my husband. You might forgive me, Eugene—in the greatness of your soul you might—but the shame would kill me if I had to meet you again after you knew all. I never thought this could be so until now."

She was turning away, when some thought of Philip Danvers came over her, and her whole countenance changed suddenly.

"How I hate him!" she cried. "Let me strike him the blow that he will feel as worse than death, before I go. And again she took up her writing materials.

You have pursued me relentlessly from the hour I first crossed your threshold. It may be for the double purpose of visiting upon me the sin of my mother towards you—and you have accomplished your design—you have driven me from it forever. But I also have my revenge. I shall bury with a secret that you would freely barter all your boasted wealth to know—a secret left for me by my mother when she took leave of the things of this world—the secret that concerns your secret of blood—the secret of when I have been ignorant since infancy. This thought will comfort me even in the agonies of death."

When this also had been sealed, she swept noiselessly down the steps, and going once more into Mr. Danvers' reading-room, laid it among his papers. When she returned she went directly to the front door, and opening it, went out, closed it after her, and walked away through the streets as the day was beginning faintly to dawn in the east.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

FAITH AND LOVE.

At a quarter past three Eugene came home by the same route that he and his beautiful wife had come, on the eve of the opening of our story, when he had introduced her for the first time amid the scenes of his youth; only now his ringing footsteps echoed alone upon the tessellated pavement, and he came bounding in, admitting a gust of frozen air through the open door, his cheery face beaming with life and animation, eager expectancy in look and manner.

Mr. Philip Danvers came out from his door, with a pale, disturbed face, and uncombed hair.

"Eugene, my son, let me speak with you. Come into my room."

"Let me but greet Miriam first," he said, as he ran up the steps. "I think I have good news for her. So come moment, father."

"Miriam! Miriam!" he called.

There was no answer, and he looked into her boudoir, but the beloved face and form did not greet him.

"Poor darling!" he murmured, "she is weeping alone in the nursery, I dare say. Ah! there is no sacrifice I would not make to secure her happiness."

This was the simple truth, and he would have verified it with his life if need be.

Returning into his own room, the note upon the table, in her well-known hand, caught his eye. He took it up, and opened it with wondering curiosity. The strange lines dashed him, before he could at all take in their meaning.

"My darling! My darling! I am not worthy of you, and therefore, I go. But I love you, Eugene. I have learned to love you with all the strength and fierceness and terror that despair alone can give."

"Where is she gone?" he said, vacantly, with his hand to his head. "She is scarcely visible, in her spirits, and in such weather, I fancy. Good heavens! now that I think of it, my father's face seemed full of a tender pity. Perhaps she is sick below, where my mother could be with her."

He was downstairs again in a flash, striding into his father's presence.

"Father, is Miriam in my mother's room? She—she, from your look, I fear, is sick, or she would have been here to welcome me. Only let me see her."

"Eugene, my son," began his father, gravely, "sit down and listen to me. You are a man, and will, I am sure, manifest a man's strength. You must prepare yourself for a severe shock."

Eugene was standing in the middle of the floor, a few feet in front of his father, who sat near the fire, in a large armchair. The light had all died out from the face of the former, until he was the older-looking man of the two, as they stood thus, in striking contrast to each other—the one a type of grave dignity and firmness, the other struggling that he might not display worse than a woman's weakness.

Eugene was running his hand nervously through his hair, and seemed to be staring at nothing.

"My son!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers, in a loud, clear tone, "are you listening to me? I told you that I had something to tell you."

"Yes—yes," answered Eugene, confusedly; "that is, I am trying to be calm. I would not have you think me less a man than I ought to be. Yes, I will hear you now. What is it?"

"You did not find your wife in her room?"

Mr. Danvers hesitated even now, as though he hated even her to admit of such a relationship between them.

"Did you see a note upon the table addressed to you?"

"Yes."

"What did it contain?"

"It is that that puzzles me," said Eugene, in a more natural tone. "Ah! yes, it did quite confuse me at first. There!" handing his father the crumpled bit of paper he had held in his hand.

"You can read for yourself. She speaks of being unworthy—she, the angel!—and of going somewhere, because she loves me. Can you explain?"

"Yes; if you will allow me—but, as I said, you must prepare to be overwhelmed with sorrow and shame."

"Hold!" cried Eugene, suddenly, as though to arrest any further expression from the other, or thought within himself. "You used the word 'shame,' father, in connection with my wife. It was accidental, I know, but it was a terrible—monstrous! Now go on. This slow torture is killing me. Miriam is in the house?"

"No."

He moved a little uneasily, and put his hand to his head again.

"You said so; I will remember that. But I must go to her. Where is she?"

"We do not know."

"Don't know? But—pshaw! She is out in the carriage, I suppose, and something she was not to be seen."

"No. She could hardly have thought it necessary to leave word."

"My boy," said Mr. Danvers, impressively, "why do you seem determined to cheat yourself in this way? Your own chivalrous, high-toned nature forbids you to suspect others; but you have seen enough of the world to know that hypocrisy and crime do exist."

"But general ethics can have nothing to do with this case, father. You saw Miriam at breakfast?"

"No."

"When did she go away?"

"During the night, last night."

"Ah! my God! Then the poor darling has been sorrowing alone in her room, and thinking of her lost boy, until her reason has been disturbed. She had grown feeble and nervous. You have, of course, seen her yet. Her still splendid beauty there was yet the unmistakable stamp of high cultivation and association, and a childlike pensiveness of expression that the homeless Magdalene cannot assume."

The street lamps were being lit, when, almost fainting from fatigue and hunger—for she had tasted no food since the day before—she had staggered against a man who was brushing past her. The man, after the usual habit, uttered a brief apology, to which she was giving no thought until something in the final notes of his voice caused her to look up; and turning suddenly, she seized him by the arm.

"In the name of heaven who are you?"

The veil had fallen partially over her face again, and that face had changed, perhaps, as much as it would ever do between death and burial on this day.

"My name could interest a stranger but little," answered the man, unamiable, "and those who were once my friends, were but too ready to forget it."

"Stop!" she cried, throwing back her veil and lifting her face to his. "Strange as this last encounter may be, after all these years, I know you—you are Caspar Lenox."

"And you?"

She was standing with her back towards the light, and the shadow rendered her features indistinct.

"Do you not know?"

"No."

She grasped him nervously by the arm, and led him back under the full glare of the street lamp.

"Now! I suppose I have not changed past recognition in a day. You will not deny ignorance still?"

"No, Miriam Lenox Dupre Danvers, I recognize you now," he exclaimed, with a harsh laugh. "Alone in the street at this hour of the night! Was the blow we struck so effectual—so swift?"

you with these words: "And how he loved her?"

Loyal to the last, Eugene, like the gentleman's son you were, faith and love were so woven with your thoughts of her, that the world's scandal only made her the purer in your eyes—the victorious offering upon our earth's guilty altars of sacrifice!

"Her sensitive nature has been harassed into the belief that I might love her less for some incident of her old life that she had not thought proper to divulge, while, for my life, I would not have had her recall one memory that could have made her heave a sigh. I required no confession—as I made none—when we agreed to take each other for better or for worse, and I will have none now. Let me but come up with her, and I'll bring her back and save her if she is still alive. And, oh, my God! grant that in this begetting of her mind, she may not dimly recall the fate of her lost child's nurse, with thought to imitate it."

Never once did he doubt but that she had gone forth, in the aberration of her mind, not knowing what she did, and that sorrow for Cecil had been the leading cause.

Whatever it was, his duty as her loving husband was the same: to hunt for her in person and through all public agencies, until he should find and shelter her once more.

Time for dinner or other idle delay. He took horses at the nearest coach stand, and then on to the police stations with speed; for the winter's night was fast coming on. At every solitary female figure going through the streets he looks, and there were many lonely women, desolate as she, perhaps, all houseless in the coming storm this winter's eve, but the form he sought was not amongst them all.

Some lonely moving shadows, with women's drapery about them, he espied in corners of bridges, looking over at the shivering, shimmering waters; or down where the larger shadows of nature towered above them by the river's side; and once or twice dark, shapeless objects floated past him, eddying with the tide, more solitary than all the rest; and clinging with a drowning hold upon his thoughts. Was she there? Would he find his queenly idol among the living or the dead? These alone were the thoughts that occupied him during the living night, and for many days to come, scarcely tasting food, and taking no rest except when nodding now and then upon the way, through solitary streets, and out upon the yet more solitary heaths, and roads that led off into wild country wastes, where the very shadows of the forest oaks threw a ghastly gloom across the desolate landscape.

As the hours went, worth their additional thousands now, as hope became more faint, the impetuous substance of a presentiment occupied the vacant seats beside Eugene, and took gradual possession of his heart and mind, that he should never more find her as she had been in the blessed past, that had been so without a cloud to him. And in those few days, those who had known him all the while, perceived that he was growing old and gray, and murmured, sympathetically.

"How he loved her!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GUERRE A LA MORT.

On the morning when Miriam escaped from the Danvers' mansion—that stood back, impressively grand upon its stately grounds, and gave no outward token of the wrongs that had been wrought within—she had drawn her heavy veil about her face, and hurried away at random, only counting upon putting the greatest possible distance between herself and that within the shortest time. To escape from it, and to escape forever, was all her desire now.

"He might pardon me—I believe he would," she murmured; "but I can never face him when he knows all that. He trusted me so fully. Only let me get away now. Only let me never see him again."

On and still on she strayed, until her feet grew sore and weary, yet she dared not stop.

Later in the day carriages rattled past her, whose occupants would still have bowed in lowly reverence had they but caught a glimpse of her face, for it was not known to them yet; but she turned away her head, and shrunk along with the timid air of some one who might have been guilty of theft. Weary and dumb, weary she grew, and when the evening came she was still tottering with feeble steps along the obscure streets, where those who knew her in her power never came. In all her wretchedness she remembered that she was safe here, and she drew aside her veil that her suffocated lungs might breathe the freer air. Men and women passed and looked wonderingly at her, for over her still splendid beauty there was yet the unmistakable stamp of high cultivation and association, and a childlike pensiveness of expression that the homeless Magdalene cannot assume.

The street lamps were being lit, when, almost fainting from fatigue and hunger—for she had tasted no food since the day before—she had staggered against a man who was brushing past her. The man, after the usual habit, uttered a brief apology, to which she was giving no thought until something in the final notes of his voice caused her to look up; and turning suddenly, she seized him by the arm.

"In the name of heaven who are you?"

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"My name could interest a stranger but little," answered the man, unamiable, "and those who were once my friends, were but too ready to forget it."

"Stop!" she cried, throwing back her veil and lifting her face to his. "Strange as this last encounter may be, after all these years, I know you—you are Caspar Lenox."

"And you?"

She was standing with her back towards the light, and the shadow rendered her features indistinct.

"Do you not know?"

"No."

She grasped him nervously by the arm, and led him back under the full glare of the street lamp.

"Now! I suppose I have not changed past recognition in a day. You will not deny ignorance still?"

"No, Miriam Lenox Dupre Danvers, I recognize you now," he exclaimed, with a harsh laugh. "Alone in the street at this hour of the night! Was the blow we struck so effectual—so swift?"

"What a devil you always were!" she murmured, in a half soliloquy. "And, oh, my God, how I learned to hate you! I must talk to you about this before I die, and the end is not far, I think. Where shall it be? I have something to tell you that the world shall not hear."

"As you spoke of death, and I don't suppose the subject you would discuss is particularly pleasant, suppose we choose an appropriate place, and go in here?"

He had turned down the street, and they were now passing a church set back among the tombstones.

"Into the churchyard?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Yes; why not?"

"Why not, indeed," she answered, with a bitter laugh, as she followed him through the little gate, "when I hope soon to be here, if they will only give me a place."

"So you are suffering at last?" he said, turning round. "The Bible had told me that if we have faith to remove mountains it shall be done, and I had never believed it until now."

"I have suffered all my life!" she cried out bitterly; "and you were demons to pursue me thus. But, thank God, I shall triumph in the end. You have cast me out from my home, you have turned my husband from me, and you have brought me here to die. But you will not wish still to pursue a woman who, of her own choice, has but a few hours to live. I would see my child once more. Take me to him."

"When you murdered the father?"

"You worse than stock or stone?" she exclaimed; "am I not paying penance for that now? He is better off than you or I. It was of the child I spoke. I must see him."

"It is impossible."

"Impossible? how? You will surely not deny that you were instrumental in taking him from me?"

"No."

"Is he alive?"

"Yes."

"Then why may I not see him?"

"He is a thousand miles from here."

"Where?"

"I do not know, exactly; and if I did, the time has not come to tell you."

She had sank down on a tombstone, too feeble to stand.

"I tell you," she said, feebly, "there are but a few more hours of life for me. Can you not see that?"

"You were in almost a similar strait when you made the world, myself included, believe, until very recently, that Louis Dupre was dead. Yet see with what flying colors you came out of that. Your husband may pursue you even now, and agree to forgive the past."

"But I tell you he knows all ere this," she cried, sharply; "and I will hide myself at the bottom of yonder river or ocean, rather than see him again."

"Have you thought of Leonora Danvers to-day?" he asked, moodily, standing like Nemesis above her.

"No. She, too, is dead, I suppose. And, besides, she had crossed my path. I did only what she would have done in my place."

"And yet it was for your share in her ruin that I have pursued you, even to this," he fairly hissed in answer. "You are now suffering a part of what she endured for so long."

"Her husband was the one to avenge her," said Miriam, with bowed head.

"Her husband?" repeated Lenox, savagely. "You two were leagued together, until one would have imagined your object was, by a double murder, to unite two of the most wicked people on earth. Yet not even you could have drawn me aside, until my vengeance had first overtaken him."

"Well," she exclaimed, "it is done. He, you say, is dead, and I am speedily to follow. What would you more?"

"That you should live, and suffer," he replied, with slow emphasis. "Suffer as you have made others do. No, he lives; but his fate is sealed more securely than yours. He is to drag out twenty years in a prison cell."

"My God! you could feel that towards a man who had befriended you as he did, and yet you call me wicked?" she cried, in amazement.



child this moment in my arms, and restore me to my husband's confidence and love. Mark well what I say. I shall take that secret with me to the grave, and you will have to pluck it thence as you know the blood that pulses through your veins. So I shall triumph even then, I assure you."

She was turning towards the door, when the fatigue and wretchedness of the day overcame her suddenly, and throwing up her hands with a cry, she fell, fainting to the floor.

Lenox lifted her in his arms. "Change her clothing, quickly, and let me summon a physician," he said, hurriedly to Nina. "I would not have her die, now and here, for the world. We must bring her back to life, if attention can do it. If disclosure be necessary, you can summon her husband. You can truly say that she appealed to you, and did not wish her whereabouts to be known by her friends. She must not die."

"I, too, would have her live," replied Nina. "But go, or it may be too late."

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### RESTORED.

The Danvers house kept up its state, as people of the sort somehow can and will, through all. Mrs. Danvers, the elder, was, of course, nervously indisposed—that was perfectly allowable in a woman—and Mr. Danvers unapproachably grave and stern. Eugene came and went sometimes, but all the old joyous life had died out from his walk and look. The servants moved about, in the execution of their duty, as well as paid servants, in a great house well-helping wonderfully, in their own way, to maintain its dignity. Scandal might run riot outside, but here a pall was spread, and no rude hand dared turn it down.

Once again, after some days, Mr. Danvers had approached Eugene. "My son, you should be reconciled. She would never have abandoned you if she had felt worthy of your love."

"She was worthy," he replied in a firm tone. "Father I would have you hear me once for all. You see I am calm to-day, a perfect dead sea calm. You had heard something about my wife when she first came. You have heard something of a much graver nature now, I see. You may believe it; I don't ask you whether you do or not, and I don't want to know. I loved her enough to make her my wife, and I will trust her still. There is something divine in believing and having faith, through all the darkness of the world's infidelity. You wish to tell me, I see, but it will do no good. You do not wish to punish me; that is impossible, from the great sympathy I read in your face. Well, I wish that sympathy for me, if you will. I need it, God knows, but I refuse to hear you. I refuse to be convinced. If she is living, I shall find her. If she is dead, I must submit, for that will be God's work."

And the father was, for once, awed by the son.

But another it as they would, the fire must burst out.

Young Mrs. Danvers had grieved for her lost child, until her delicate nervous constitution had been quite upset, and she had left her home, in the temporary fever of delirium, to look for it.

All this sounded very well, and persons employed to retail it might do so with quite a grave face; but there are people, in sagacious Yankeeism, you must know, my reader, who will not be fed with chaff, or bamboozled in any way.

Rumor, always busy, persists that its long nose is as aristocratic as any one's, and that it has a perfect right to thrust it inquisitively into any matter presented for its consideration.

All the bulletins on earth could not convince it that there was not something radically wrong in the Danvers family. Not to believe this, was to confess yourself nobody. Young Mrs. Danvers had been a remarkable woman; and she had had a head. Oh, yes, a head, and too steady to be upset for anything. At Tiffany's, the jeweler, and Stewart's, the great mercantile emporium, this splendid patroness of their stock was freely discussed by the tradesmen behind the counter.

Lofely inscrutable as she had appeared, she had never—do you know—believed her exactly right. She had been far too handsome. Women themselves, and certainly their parents and husbands, are much better off when they are not more than their share of beauty. She had been a stranger, too, and the wisely wary will always look after the antecedents of an unknown and beautiful woman, who flashes suddenly into the very zenith of high life, from—nobody knows where. And it was rumored that Eugene Danvers had taken her quite on trust, with no other security than her face. She had been confessedly the widow of an army officer, and the camp is not a good school for a pretty woman's morals.

At balls and suppers and operas, in select coteries where she has been freely admitted peeress; at levees, where she has queued royally, they handle her now with gloves, it is true, but something roughly for all that. How had it happened? With whom had she gone? Elopements were shocking things, but they were becoming quite common.

And so she is discussed by her set, with studied shoulder shrugs, with the raciest slang in vogue, amongst street-corner swells; and that perfection of indifference which the *haut ton* can manifest for our direct misfortunes.

"Poor, dear Eugene! As good a fellow as ever lived. But always was a little odd, you know, and would have his own way. He might have known she was not to be trusted."

And Eugene?

The hardest of them all would not have dared one shrug or slang before him for all they were, or might be worth in worldly goods. And Mr. and Mrs. Danvers wept as they looked at him, murmuring deep down in their hearts, "It is better so." But even this they would not tell him now, for all their wealth.

And all this while, Miriam had lain in the house of the woman who had pursued her to her downfall, dangerously ill by turns, wildly delirious or lethargically stupid. Much talked she all this while of Louis Dupre, of Cecil and Allaine, of her father and the Danvers household, but no word of what she had hinted on that last night to Caspar Lenox had since passed her lips. Talk to her as they would, her answer was: "It must die with me; to know it he shall wring it from my grave."

"Your sister has something on her mind," said the old doctor, who, however, chanced to be a good one, to Nina. "There is some one she wishes to see; and unless she does, she must die."

"Your sister only in misfortune," Caspar Lenox, instructed, in secret. "She appealed to you as woman to woman not to betray her, and you promised. But her life is at stake. They will never know you. Send for her husband."

That was easily managed. The lady had come about nightfall from the streets, and relating a touching story, without telling her name, had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. They were sisters in misfortune now, and it had been only through delicious mutterings, and the advertisements in the papers, that she had begun to suspect.

Eugene came, as every one knew he would, in eager haste. He never doubted the truth of what he heard. He was satisfied to find Miriam at last. He would make this seemingly good woman who had protected her rich, though she might bury the reward as Athelstan did coming out of the Danish camp, as soon as his back was turned.

Poor, hollow-eyed Miriam, she had dreaded this encounter, as worse than death, while she knew all; but now that she knew nothing, it affected her not at all. If she could have seen him; could have known all he felt, above humiliation, some comfort might surely have come to her at the last, but he was as the veriest stranger to her.

Great physicians came and went, and on the earliest possible day, she was transported back to the grand old place, and up the stately stairway to her own old room.

Eugene had written briefly to his father, saying, "Shall I bring her there, or take her with me to a public house?" And Philip Danvers, learning from Dr. Westman that the end was very near, replied, for Eugene's sake, but with reluctance still:

"Not so near as they thought. Night and day, night and day, by her side, watched Eugene; but no word or smile of recognition greeted him still. Her mind seemed far away, wandering through unknown realms."

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#### TAKEN FROM LIFE.

BY ANTHONY H. BALDWIN.

I know quite well just now it's all the rage to bend the knee to "woman's heavenly beauty."

And people about her eyes and not her duty. But, oh, ye men, ye men, if ye but knew how "lovely woman" really laughs at you when all her sterling virtues you ignore and all her petty vanities adore.

When trashy compliments you think must please her. Though eight times out of ten they only tease her.

Try very like you'll find to your surprise that real women "wondering" despise. A woman true, to empty air will scatter. When all her sterling virtues you ignore and all her petty vanities adore.

Content to be what Heaven's wisdom made her, and to be what she is, and not what she is thought to be. Who make her eyes "bright stars," or "gems of flame."

And find for every grace some sickly name. No "diamonds" shine in her laughing eyes. No "purest blue of heaven's azure skies." No "roses" fair her "fair cheeks" adorn. No "ruby" mantle of the bashful moon. Cheeks simply blushing with the wind's caresses. Eyes bright, and sometimes "silly-looking" (trusting).

Lips that may sometimes kiss "half invite." But not "like Cupid's bow"—that simile's too trite. She knows that Heaven never meant: An "angel" should on earth be seen: Such simple words that crawl and lie and flatter.

No "angel," but a simple, loving woman. No "goddess" she, and well, right well, she knows it. In every daily act of life she shows it: A "goddess" cook—the thought is far too fancy.

Fancy a "goddess" making water-gruel? A "goddess" hushing up old legs of mutton? A "goddess" sewing on a straw shirt-button? Nay, say—a true woman will afford to rise above such worship and such words. Happy, if loved where she herself loves best. Her life and love, and go without the rest. The angel's crown on earth she'll cheerfully resign.

Content, if duty done, she wins a crown divine. **LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.**

No. 2.—THE WHITE ROSE.

The following singular legend dates back to the thirteenth century. There dwelt at this period, in the Abbey of Sain, a venerable and ascetic monk, called Wertham. His lank cheek, deep-sunk eyes, and wrinkled visage, clearly indicated that he was far advanced in years.

Habitually reserved, most punctilious and precise in his attendance to his monastic duties, being remarkable for a rigid observance of the rules made by the Prior for the guidance of the brotherhood, Wertham carried fast, penance, and self-denial to its uttermost limits. Sad, silent, thoughtful, and at times melancholy, he seemed to be a man who had bid adieu to all earthly joys or sorrows, and so the years sped on over the silvered head of the pious monk, until at length something happened—a circumstance apparently of no very great importance—which changed the current of his thoughts, changed also his bearing and demeanor.

The bell had rung for matins—the monks were chanting in the chapel—the sonorous voice of the priest was heard beneath the arched roof. Wertham glanced at the cushion of his chair; his eyes were riveted on one small object lying there—it was a white rose! With trembling hands he took up the flower, and then sank into his seat with a heavy sigh. Those who happened to be near him at this time did not at first notice the change that had come over their companion, whose countenance exhibited a more than usual pallor. There was a nervous twitching about the corners of the mouth, a strange glitter in the eyes, which caused one of the monks to whisper to his nearest brother:

"Wertham is not well; see how his eyes glare."

"Hush!" returned the other; "some troubled thought is passing through his brain."

The service continued, and, for the first time, Wertham neglected answering to the responses. He sat mute and immovable in his chair, apparently heedless of all that was passing.

He held in his hand a fatal signal, the white rose; but no one besides himself comprehended the nature of the sign, which he deemed to be the symbol of his departure to another world.

"His ways are mysterious," murmured the monk who had first spoken, "and far beyond my comprehension. Indeed, his whole life is a mystery."

"Any one of us here present may say the same, with equal truth," answered the abbot; "but I never suspected it; it will only irritate and vex him."

"Oh, well, I am silent," returned the first speaker, curtly.

Matins were concluded, whereupon Wertham rose from his chair; as he did so, he was observed to totter. One of the monks advanced and offered his arm, saying, as he did so, in a kind tone:

"You are not well."

"I am content," answered Wertham, accepting the proffered arm. "Quite content. It is no more than I expected—what I have been looking for."

"How? What mean you?"

"The white rose!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the other, who was, however, in no way enlightened, for he could see nothing so very terrible in the queen of flowers. He, however, forbore from all further questioning, and led his enfeebled companion to his cell, whither he had requested to be conducted.

"Thank you, my friend—many thanks," said Wertham, stretching himself on his couch of wood. "So—that is well."

"You need advice, care, and attendance," observed the monk; "and you must permit me—"

"Peace!" exclaimed the sick man, with a deprecatory gesture. "I best know what I need."

"But you are ill—worse than you imagine."

"No; no; you are mistaken."

"Life is a precious gift."

"To some it may be, but to me it is not."

"You must let me have my way this once. I will hasten for assistance, and bring back with me the doctor."

"I do not desire to see him. His services are not needed—they are useless."

"That is impossible for either of us to tell."

"I utterly useless," repeated Wertham, holding forth the rose. "See here; this is the token—the symbol. My sands of life are well-nigh run. Do me one last favor."

"Name it, and it shall be done."

"Tell Father Hugo that I would fain speak with him."

The monk at once hastened to make known the wishes of the sick man, whom he believed to be in imminent danger. Father Hugo happened to be away. He had left the abbey to pay his usual visits to the poor in the immediate neighborhood. Under these circumstances, the Prior returned with Wertham's messenger. He noted at the first glance that a change had come over the recluse, to

whom he spoke some words of comfort, winding up his discourse with the request that he would consent to see the doctor.

"It will be of no avail if I do so; but, since you desire it, I must, perforce, consent," answered Wertham, sadly. "I am past all surgery now."

The doctor came. He found the patient weak and prostrated. He prescribed medicaments, which had the effect of increasing the flagging pulse of the sinking man, who was removed to a more comfortable apartment. All these arrangements were carried out without his offering any opposition; and in the after part of the day those in attendance upon him began to have hopes that he would rally. Not so the patient himself; he never for a moment doubted but that his last hour was approaching. His eyes, however, brightened when he was told that Father Hugo had returned. Few men of his time had greater reputation for learning and honor than the last-named ecclesiastic. Far and near, Hugo was known as the friend of the poor—as an honest, upright, high-minded, zealous churchman.

Upon reaching the apartment occupied by the sick monk, he hastened at once to afford him such consolation as the circumstances of the case demanded.

"You must not deny yourself those comforts which have now become a necessity, and without which it will be impossible for you to recover," said Hugo, in a kind tone. "You have subjected yourself to such a rigorous discipline, that it is not to be wondered at that you should be thus weak and prostrate. I conjure you, as you value your life—"

"Peace!" exclaimed the sick man. "I do not value my life. All that is past now. Before I leave this world—while I have strength left me—I would fain make known a secret which has been well kept through many sad and solitary years."

The priest bowed reverently; and then, drawing a chair towards the couch, he sat down by the bedside of the speaker.

"I am all attention," he observed, quietly. "Proceed."

Passing his withered hand twice or thrice across his wrinkled forehead, the monk looked in the face of his companion, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Ah, Father Hugo," he murmured, "you were very young when the last Count of Sain was in possession of the castle—very young!"

"I was so," answered the priest.

"But I am not unmindful or forgetful of one fact. The count was my patron; the best friend I have ever known. With him, the blessings of education would have been denied me. I have reason, to bless the memory of Count Hebnus von Sain. He passed away in the prime of manhood. Alas, that he should have been prematurely snatched from us!"

"I have something to tell about him."

"You?" exclaimed the priest, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, me!"

"I never knew you were acquainted with the count."

"He was headstrong and passionate," said the monk; "and when quite a young man, was enamored of a beautiful girl, whom he met abroad. His love for her might be likened to a torrent which carried everything before it. Never, surely, was mortal man so passionately devoted to one of the opposite sex as was the Lord of Sain. I cannot tell you whether she was ever attached to him; but I am inclined to think not. It will be enough, however, for my purpose to declare that she made him believe so. He married her. Under the union, Count Hebnus grew mistrustful of his accomplished and beautiful wife. Oh, Father Hugo, no one knows besides myself, the miserable days passed by this wretched victim to the fatal passion jealousy, which, like the upas tree of Java, poisons everything beneath its fatal boughs. Successive watchful—alternating between hopes and fears—the count listened to the counsel of one whom he deemed his friend. He was persuaded by this person to set a watch upon the movements of the woman in whom he ought to have placed implicit confidence; but when once this dreadful passion takes root in the breast of its unhappy victim, he is lost—irretrievably lost!"

"I never knew of this sad story," ejaculated Hugo; "never to what object it is. You are certain as to the facts?"

"Quite certain!" returned the monk, with a bitter smile. "Do not think I am wandering; when you have heard me to the end, you will acknowledge the truth of all that I am about to make known to you."

"The Count Sain I knew was an honorable gentleman, and—"

"No more!" interrupted the monk. "He was honest, at any rate, was deemed so. Do not interrupt me. I have much to say; but it is not easy to reconcile my story with what I have known of the person's character."

"You will, perhaps, hear me to the end, and then draw your own conclusion. I have said that the count caused a watch to be set upon the movements of his unsuspecting wife. He was informed by one of his emissaries that she paid frequent visits to a habitation—a small cottage—where she was in the habit of meeting a young man, who was a Swiss by birth—the countess herself was a native of Switzerland—and the natural conclusion was that these secret meetings were given to some lover whom she had known and encouraged before she had become acquainted with her present lord. Count Hebnus von Sain was at this time on active service in the Holy Land; but those who kept watch and ward over his lady communicated with him at stated intervals. He greedily devoured every scrap of news forwarded, and lent a willing ear to the fatal suggestions of the spies who carried on a system of espionage in the immediate neighborhood of his castle."

"This appears to me to be perfectly incredible," observed Hugo.

"Be assured, my friend, that it is but too true, incredible as it may appear," answered Wertham.

"And was the countess—"

"Guiltless!" interrupted the narrator. "You shall hear. Wait for the bitter end."

"Then she had enemies?"

"Who has not?"

"Alas, yes! the best and noblest cannot escape calumny!"

"I ought to have informed you that the countess was of humble parentage. She was not nobly born; her father was a farmer in Switzerland, who was prosperous enough to have the means of giving his daughter a good education. She was possessed of a more than ordinary share of beauty, was graceful, had winning manners, and had been the pride

of the family; and the intimacy was formed by the count during his travels. It ended, as I have already declared, in his espousing the daughter of the man who, as his host, had treated him, with so much hospitality. It ended in utter ruin! destruction! devastation! death!"

"You are weak and faint," said the priest.

"No," answered Wertham; "it may not be. You must not thwart me. Hear me to the end. I ask this as a last request."

"I will not oppose you, then. Proceed."

"It appeared that the countess became aware of the system of espionage which had been carried on for so long a time; and it is likely enough that her life became wearisome to her in consequence. She left Sain Castle, and proceeded by easy stages to Switzerland; and ere the news of her departure reached Palestine, her husband returned. He was informed by his vassals that his lady had gone to her native land. The count was furious. He had hastened home with the intention of suddenly surprising her. He, however, composed himself calmly, as if nothing had happened. But it was the calmness of despair, although none of his friends or domestics suspected the real nature of his feelings. He remained for a brief period in his ancestral home; received visitors as usual, and went through the ordinary routine of business, apparently with the most perfect composure, but all the while a serpent lay coiled round his heart—a serpent he had himself nurtured and cherished. Mad food that he was!"

"After remaining some time at Sain, he prepared to take his departure, for the purpose, as he professed, of returning to Palestine."

"And was not this so?" inquired the priest.

"No; he went secretly in search of his true wife. At the base of one of that vast chain of mountains, whose enormous precipices, extensive regions of perpetual snow, and glaciers that descend like seas of ice, are contrasted by the vineyard and cultivated field—the richly wooded brow, and the verdant valley and crystal stream—at the base of one of these did Count Hebnus von Sain find his wife. She was not alone. A young man—her whom she had been in the habit of meeting—was by her side, presenting her with a white rose. The infuriated husband, mad with passion, rushed forward, and his avenging sword passed through the body of the ill-fated youth, who reeled back a few paces, and then fell back to the earth lifeless."

"The countess fixed her eyes upon his murderer."

"'Monster!' she ejaculated, 'whom had passions have transformed into a demon—you have slain my brother!'"

"Having given utterance to this speech, she fled, and hastened at an incredible speed up the mountain. The count followed, scarcely knowing why he did so, for at this time he was a prey to an agonizing sense of remorse. Quickly, with the fleetness of an antelope, the countess gained one of the peaks of the mountain."

"Hear me—have pity on me!" ejaculated her husband, in moving accents. "Never again," she answered, "never more will I listen to words of yours! Live on, wretched man—live on through the bitter years that are to come. When your last hour is approaching, I will send you this as a token." She held forth the white rose for a moment, and then plunged headlong into the abyss beneath.

"Full eight-and-thirty years have passed since that day, and to me they have been years of sorrow and repentance. Father Hugo, I have suffered much; and now, when relief comes, I feel thankful. See how well she has kept the promise! Here is the white rose."

The priest was silent; he was intently scanning the features of the speaker.

"Can it be?" he murmured. "Impossible!"

"What?" inquired his companion.

"And I never suspected it—deemed him dead!"

"Father Hugo, look at those withered cheeks, these sunken eyes, this emaciated frame! This is the silvered head. Look, and see in them to remind you of the proud Hebnus von Sain?"

"And are you—"



